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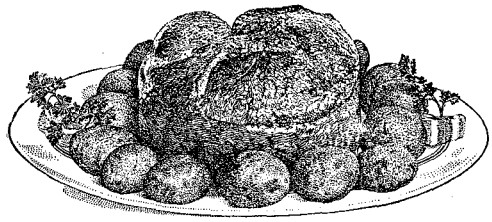

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 3, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE RATE HEARINGS

Without any intention of doing so, the railways of the country have provided the first public exposition on a large scale of a new science of business. This has come about through the hearings which the Inter-State Commerce Commission are now holding in Washington. For purposes of rate arrangements, the United States is divided into several railway regions. The railways of that region known as the Official Classification Territory, which lies north of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers and east of the Mississippi, have proposed what amounts to a general advance of freight rates. Under the new law, these rates cannot go into effect until they are approved by the Commission; and furthermore, the burden of proof rests upon the railway to show that such an advance is reasonable. As a consequence, representatives of the railways have been presenting to the Commission the reasons why they regard such an advance as absolutely necessary. In the main, their reasons may be grouped under two heads: first, in order that new capital may be secured for the needed extension and improvements, credit must be maintained by the establishment of higher rates; and, second, increased cost of providing transportation has made it impossible for the railways to be assured of a remunerative income. The Outlook will publish next week an article by a prominent railway official which gives in both a clear and comprehensive form the arguments on behalf of increased rates. Of course increase in the cost of transportation is a serious matter; it affects one of the foundations of modern society. Our present mode of living is dependent absolutely upon the fact that we to-day command methods of transportation and communication (in our railways, steamships, telegraph lines, etc.) which our fathers knew nothing of, and which are actually much cheaper than the cumbrous methods, such as the stage-coach and the private messenger, which they used. To make transportation more burdensome may not only check advance but may also actually tend to a backward social movement. And yet more than one railway official stated that the railways of the country have substantially reached the limit of economy in operation, and are face to face with the necessity of advancing the cost of transportation to keep pace with the advance in the cost of living. Against this proposition shipping interests have protested, on the ground that it would hurt their business; but mere protest is not all that they have offered. Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, attorney for certain commercial organizations of the Atlantic seaboard, put upon the stand witness after witness who gave evidence regarding methods of economy and efficiency in production. He did this to show the possibilities of further reducing the cost of transportation. In brief, Mr. Brandeis's position might be stated as follows: The burden of proof is upon the railways, and they must therefore not only show the need for greater net income, but also prove that they are bringing to their task of providing transportation those scientific methods which have enormously reduced the cost of production in many industrial plants. It was in this way that there was brought out publicly, last week, a knowledge of what has been accomplished, through scientific management, in literally revolutionizing certain industries.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

The magic power which has thus brought about a revolution in many an industrial concern has been given more than one name, but the one that suits it

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most aptly is "scientific management." The effect of it upon industry has been compared to that made by the change from the use of hand tools to the use of machinery. According to this method, higher wages, so far from meaning greater cost, mean reduced cost. Magical as this sounds, however, it is far from magical in fact. It is simply the application of the methods of science to labor and its supervision. One witness, Mr. Frank Gilbreth, particularly interested the Commissioners as well as all others present at the hearing, while stating with reference to specific cases the effect of the scientific management upon his contracting business. As Mr. Gilbreth sat in the witness chair he illustrated the application of this new science to bricklaying by piling books upon the Commissioners' table. For two thousand years men have laid bricks in virtually the same way. The twentieth-century American mason performs his job after much the same fashion as a man who is figured upon an Assyrian tablet. The first thing a bricklayer does is to stoop down and pick up a brick. Bricklayers have been doing that century after century. Scientific management calls that a waste. The upper part of a man's body weighs about a hundred pounds. Every time, therefore, that a bricklayer lifts a ten-pound brick he raises a total weight of one hundred and ten pounds. Every time he examines a brick to see which side should be laid uppermost, every time he taps the brick to see whether it is sound or not, he goes through a series of unnecessary motions. Scientific management has so eliminated unnecessary motions that it has reduced the motions of a bricklayer from fifteen to six. As a consequence, bricklayers who have heretofore laid a thousand bricks a day have increased their output to twenty-seven hundred. This has been done by the scientific observation of bricklaying, the analysis of that operation into its component parts, the establishment of time units, and the setting of the standard of achievement according to which the whole process can be measured. This necessarily involves a complete overturn in the methods of carrying on the industry. Heretofore the bricklayer has been supposed to know the best way of following his trade, and the boss has been set over him as a driver to see that he does his work. Under the new system nothing is taken for granted—not even the bricklayer's knowledge of his own trade. The boss is supposed to know more than the workman, and the superintendent more than the boss, and each is set in his place, not as a driver of the man beneath him, but as his teacher and helper. And each of them—workman, boss, and superintendent—does his best, not because he is driven by the man above him, but because the increased efficiency means an increased product, and he gets his share of that increase. If at any time he fails to get his increase, he goes to his boss to learn what is wrong, and, if his boss cannot discover the difficulty, the boss goes to the superintendent. Thus every serious difficulty that cannot be otherwise solved is brought up to the man who is the head, and therefore the helper, of all.

THE PRACTICAL RESULTS

Many witnesses in succession described this method of scientific management, which affects every operation from the minute movements of the humblest worker to the methods of superintendent and manager, and has to do not only with the doing of tasks, but also with the reward for service. The manager of a manufacturing concern in Philadelphia, for instance, told how he had reduced his working force, increased their pay, and with the same plant and without "speeding up" had more than doubled his output. In his case the change involved the increase of his supervising force from five men, who had general charge, to twenty men, each of whom had some specific task of supervision. Another witness was an official of a concern that does a business of four and a half million dollars. In spite of the fact that his concern in these last few years has been manufacturing on a rising market and selling on a falling market, its profitable business has come to be still more profitable. Two of the witnesses, Mr. Dodge and Mr. Towne, have been President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; two of them, Mr. Gantt and Mr. Emerson, have won wide reputation as experts in scien-

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tific management. The other witnesses were practical men who could substantiate their testimony with definite figures. They represented a wide variety of industries. The very practical questions raised with regard to the attitude of organized labor toward the method of remuneration involved were uniformly answered satisfactorily. It was made clear that between this general method and piece work there is a very great and fundamental distinction. The witnesses were unanimous in reporting that under scientific management production was increased, cost was reduced, profits enlarged and made more secure, wages advanced, the relation between employer and employee fundamentally improved, and the welfare of the consuming public promoted.

THE SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS

Those who were present at these hearings could not help observing the attitude of skepticism toward scientific management on the part of the representatives of the railways. The attorney for the railways made no concealment of his incredulity, and repeatedly framed his questions in the spirit of sarcasm. Indeed, to such lengths did he go that he was finally called to account by Mr. Brandeis for his attitude toward one witness. Little by little, the case was led up to the point at which these principles of scientific management were applied to the railways themselves. Mr. Going, managing editor of the "Engineering Magazine," testified that this system had been in part at least applied to the Santa Fé repair-shops, with a net saving in three years of over five million dollars. Mr. Harrington Emerson, who has made a profession of consultant in scientific management, showed at length the savings that had been made in railway management. For example, in one case engine delay had been reduced from 1,750 to 256 days; in another the cost of locomotives per road unit was reduced from $101 to $74; in another case fuel consumption was reduced from 261 pounds per ton-mile to 80 pounds. Though widely acquainted with the railway shops, he knew of none scientifically managed within the territory to which the proposed rate advance would apply. He expressed the opinion that by means of scientific management the railways could effect a saving of three hundred million dollars a year, and he described with some detail the methods he had used in making this estimate. He suggested that the Inter-State Commerce Commission might supply information for the railways, as the Department of Agriculture supplies information for the farmers. Under present conditions industrial concerns are under the pressure of competition. If they are not doing a profitable business they cannot, because of competition, arbitrarily increase prices. Under these circumstances it is natural that they should look to scientific management for a solution of their problems. Railways, however, are under no such pressure. It is natural for them to direct their thoughts first to increase of rates. It seems to us that it is the duty of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to put upon the railways the pressure which competition puts upon industrial concerns, and to lead them to make trial of every economy and of every method for increasing efficiency before they are allowed to raise to the public the cost of transportation. Mr. Brandeis suggested that the Inter-State Commerce Commission make an independent investigation in order that it may secure evidence with regard to scientific management from witnesses who, because of their relation to the railways, would hesitate to offer their testimony voluntarily. It is clear to us that, in the light brought forth by these witnesses, it is incumbent upon the railways to prove that they cannot make any further saving.

THE ISSUE IN GREAT BRITAIN

The issue between the Liberals and Unionists in Great Britain has now been sharply presented. The Government bill, submitted in the House of Lords in answer to Lord Lansdowne's suggestion, has been ignored by that body, while the other bill proposed by Lord Lansdowne has been passed by a very heavy majority, many of the Liberal peers voting with the majority. Lord Lansdowne's suggestions, which are in substantial agreement with those made by Lord Rosebery last spring, involve a reconstruction of the House of Lords according to a plan which The

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Outlook has already defined. Assuming this reconstructed chamber, Lord Lansdowne proposed that in case differences shall arise between the houses with reference to any bill other than a money bill in two successive sessions and during an interval of not less than one year, and in case such differences cannot be adjusted by any other means, there shall be a joint sitting composed of members of the two houses; provided that if the measure relates to a matter of great gravity, on which the people of the country have not pronounced their judgment adequately, it shall be submitted to the electors by referendum. In regard to money bills, the Lords shall forego their constitutional right to reject and amend bills of a purely financial character, provided that if any question arises as to whether a bill, or any of the provisions thereof, are of a purely financial character, that question shall be referred to a joint committee of both houses, with the Speaker of the House of Commons as chairman. If the committee holds that any such provision is not of a financial character, it shall be dealt with at a joint sitting of both houses. The provisions of this bill show that the Lords understand how serious the situation is, and that, as in former crises, they are prepared to go a long way in the direction of meeting public opinion. But the Liberals contend that these resolutions would leave the future Liberal Government as powerless as ever against the House of Lords. The crux of the whole matter is the fact that even in a reconstructed House of Lords there would still be a permanent Conservative majority. The Liberals contend that the House of Lords must be so reconstructed that it shall reflect the political opinion of the country, and that a Liberal victory at the polls shall involve a preponderating Liberal majority in both houses. Until this end is gained the natural democratic movement in England will be arrested.

TOLSTOY'S DEATH

The death of Count Leo Tolstoy, hastened, no doubt, by his sudden departure from his home and the exposure and excitement of his journey, is a pathetic ending to a career remarkable alike for its vicissitudes, its isolation, and its devotion. A good deal of mystery surrounds his leaving his family; but his purpose appears to have been to end his days in one of the small colonies brought into being by his teaching. He was taken ill on the train, was removed at a little place called Astapobo, and there he died. He did not make his peace with the Greek Orthodox Church, and he was accordingly buried without a religious ceremony. His family were present at his death, but the sick man was unconscious. He said very characteristically to the group of physicians around him: "There are many millions of sick people in the world, and many of them are suffering; why are you all around the bed of one sick man?" And at the close, "Now comes death; that is all!" The villagers in the little town showed the deepest feeling. They gathered in silence around the house in which he lay, and remained many hours waiting to hear the latest reports from his bedside. Throughout Russia a profound impression was created by the event. When the Czar received the announcement, he wrote on the margin of the paper, "I heartily regret the death of this great writer, who embodied in the golden age of his talent for creation the types of his fatherland, thus constituting one of the most glorious eras in the life of Russia. May he find in God a merciful judge!" Tolstoy never found a merciful judge in the Russian Government; and the Czar's tribute to his contribution to the glory of Russia is a piece of bitter, though probably unconscious, irony. The Duma adjourned for a week as a token of respect to his memory. The funeral took place at the Tolstoy estate, Yasnaya Polyana, and the route from the station was lined with crowds of people, the coffin being carried by the Count's sons and some peasants. When the coffin was brought from the house, the peasants kneeled and sang a funeral hymn, remaining on their knees until the procession had passed. The grave was dug by peasants on the estate at a place where, it is said, Tolstoy and his brothers in childhood had buried a stick in the confident belief that, when it was disinterred, good would triumph in the world. A further touch of irony was added to the event in a church in St. Petersburg, where the priests con-

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sented to offer prayers "for a nobleman named Leo"! An editorial estimate of Tolstoy and an account of the attitude of the Russian Government toward his work appear elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

For many years the two men in Munich in whom visitors from all parts of the world were most interested were Lenbach, the painter, whose portraits of the German leaders of the Franco-Prussian War period are not only striking works of art but historical documents of inestimable importance, and Paul Heyse, the poet, dramatist, and novelist. This year the Nobel Prize for Literature has been conferred on Heyse, who is now in his eighty-first year, a venerable and striking figure, familiar in the streets of Munich for half a century. Until the rise of the group of writers represented by Sudermann and Hauptmann, Paul Heyse was the foremost man of letters in Germany. He is not a man of original genius; he belongs rather with the large group of poets and novelists of sensitive temperament, responsive imagination, and artistic feeling. He is not an impressionist like Loti, but his work depends more on grace and charm than on virility and fresh invention. During his student days at Berlin and Bonn he devoted himself chiefly to the study of Romance languages; and, although a German living in one of the most intensely Teutonic of cities, he is a man of cosmopolitan interests, temper, and habit of thought. He has been a prolific writer, and a long list of volumes in verse and prose stand to his credit. He is at his best in his short stories, of which "L'Arrabiata" and "Vetter Gabriel" are perhaps the most representative. The first is an idyl of Italian peasant life, full of color and atmosphere. His two long novels, "Children of the World" and "In Paradise," were greeted with storms of applause and of criticism. "In Paradise" is a study of bohemian artistic life—a field in which Heyse is entirely at home. On the title of both novels might be written as a motto, "Follow impulse;" for both stories are pleas not only against conventions, but against morality. They both exalt impulse as having the authority of law. Heyse is a man of lyrical rather than of dramatic genius, and a novelist of intention rather than of original genius.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CIVIC LEAGUE

The work of the Intercollegiate Civic League deserves chronicle. The League consists of an association of undergraduate political clubs in forty colleges and universities, with the common purpose of interesting their members and instructing them practically in the political life of our day. The League began life as a committee of college men to get other college men to register and vote. It was then known as the College Men's Political Association. But it soon recognized that there was a larger field of usefulness in the endeavor to get educated men interested in politics, irrespective of their political opinions. Efforts have been made to make the work of each club in the League as practical as possible, supplementing whatever instruction is afforded by the curriculum in the various colleges. Investigation has demonstrated that not only is there room for college men in political life, but that there is an active demand by politicians for them. Under the guidance of Mr. Arthur Woods, the first graduate secretary of the League, later Deputy Commissioner of Police of New York City, the clubs grew greatly in number, and under Mr. Woods's successor, Mr. John Boyle, Jr., substantial progress was also made. Mr. Boyle has now been succeeded by Mr. E. M. Sait, who has shown much energy in getting the men "out." A particular department of active work has been the volunteer watching in New York City, and the reports of the keen young men are particularly worth reading. As President Taft remarked to the League at its recent meeting in Washington, there is a certain advantage in the college man "rubbing up" against a political tough. He added:

> It was yesterday that I noticed a reference made to a paper read by my son Robert in New York. I observe that some took exception or intimated that he had come down to New York with too high an idea of himself and of his position in society. It does not do to do that. You have to get in and stand on a level with the rest of them. I

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think, though, the critic did Robert an injustice. I haven't discovered any exclusiveness on his part. You want to avoid that, if you can, and not ask any privilege on account of where you came from. You are not likely to have it extended to you, and you might as well reconcile yourselves to its absence. I lived for a time in one of the worst wards in Cincinnati, and I know that each one of you, if he has the courage to go in and rub up against toughs and other people, and if he exerts such influence as he is able, will accomplish much.

COLLEGE CIVIC CLUBS

As has been noted above, the Intercollegiate Civic League consists of an association of undergraduate civic clubs. The object of these clubs is not merely to be watchmen at the polls on election day, or to enjoy the luxury and enlightenment of addresses by leading political authorities, but really to serve in sympathetic manner the particular community in which the college is located. At the recent Convention of the Civic Clubs in New York there was a general feeling that undergraduates should not attempt to "reform" the communities in the neighborhood of their respective colleges so much as to join hands with progressive officials and citizens in those centers and work with them for better civic conditions. For instance, the Good Government Club of Williams College has in this way rendered much valuable service. Last year it had some seventy men serving on its ten committees, all under the leadership of chairmen instructed not to "reform" offenders but to inform both themselves and the offenders about existing evils and to work sympathetically in applying the remedies desired. Following a system of inspection recommended by the Department of Agriculture, a Milk Committee, for example, investigated some ten dairies in the vicinity of Williamstown. A member of the college faculty made the standard test for bacteria, and the dairies were given a rating according to the exactness with which their milk supply met the requirements of the test. Approached in this fashion, the Williamstown farmers welcomed the opportunity of comparing the milk produced on their farms with that produced by competitors, and were among those who paid the nominal price charged by the Club to non-members for the annual report of the work of the committees. Such an attitude and such work on the part of the student quickens his interest in civic problems, prepares him to solve them, and stimulates him to attempt their solution.

THE RIGHT IDEA FOR CITIES

The "New Municipal Idea" was the dominant note of the Buffalo meeting of the National Municipal League. It was defined by the Secretary, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, to be the placing of the emphasis on the welfare of the city, rather than on the interest of a party or a candidate. It requires that city affairs be given a due consideration on their merits, without regard to irrelevant questions, such as State or National politics. It insists upon directness of nomination, election, and responsibility after election; demands simplicity of electoral and governmental machinery, the short ballot and responsiveness to the public will, and therefore encourages easy and intelligent voting, checks partisan and factional domination, giving voters control, if they wish to exercise it. Through publicity it insures effective control; demands that efficiency and merit shall be the sole basis of all appointments in a democracy, and demands concentration of authority and responsibility. The Hon. William Dudley Foulke, who succeeds former Attorney-General Bonaparte as President of the League, further elaborated this view in his inaugural address on "The Conservation of Our Municipal Resources." He pointed out that every city, every township, every county, in America is the possessor of property of great value. The streets, the roads, the parks, and many of the public buildings, if they were in the hands of private individuals, could be made to produce an enormous income; "while no one will say that they ought to be made productive to the same extent or in the same way in the hands of a municipal government, yet they ought to be made far more productive than they ever have been, and their economical management in the future, in spite of all of the waste in the past, can still result in a substantial reduction of all municipal budgets." In Germany no fewer than 1,500 towns and villages own so much

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common land, and so wisely manage it, that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes. Much of their income is derived from communal forest land. After reviewing various municipal undertakings, such as electric lighting, street railways, and water power, Mr. Foulke said: "These are legitimate municipal enterprises. They depend for success upon the same principles which lead our ablest financiers to seek investments in the water power of the Nation, which it will be the work of National Conservation to keep for the benefit of our whole people. Our cities are now beginning to show the requisite business sagacity in the development of these public service enterprises. It is a phase in that evolution which will ultimately make of our municipalities business corporations which may well rival the most prosperous and profitable of the municipalities of Europe."

QUESTIONS DISCUSSED

Without question, the most conspicuous development during the past year in the realm of city management has been the continued rapid and widespread interest in the commission form of municipal government, in the question of city charter reform generally, and in the growth of real municipal home rule sentiment. Some idea of the interest in commission government may be gathered from the fact that 175 members of the League met at the round table luncheon on the last day to discuss it. Among the phases discussed in detail were these:

(1) Should the commissioners give all their time to the business of the city? (2) Should the office to which each commissioner is chosen be specified on the ballot, or should the commissioners (except the Mayor) be elected as a group, without any formal designation of the department each member is to head? (3) Is a civil service commission necessary in case the referendum, recall, and non-partisan primaries are included? (4) What percentages should be required for the referendum, initiative, and recall? (The average now provided is between twenty and twenty-five per cent.) (5) Which of the publicity features are most important—*a*, that requiring all council meetings to be public; *b*, that requiring the recording of the yeas and nays on all votes; *c*, that requiring financial and other statements to be published monthly or quarterly? (6) What should be the relation of each commissioner to the board as a whole as regards appointments? Should the board appoint all officers, assistants, and subordinates with or without the recommendation of each department chief? Should each chief appoint them, subject to confirmation by the board; or should the principal officers, such as city clerk, attorney, assessor, chief of police, city physician, etc., be appointed by a board as a whole, but minor places be filled in each department by the commissioner in charge of that department? And what should be the relation of the civil service commission to these appointments? (7) Is the commission plan applicable to large cities, and to what extent are the large corporation and the large city comparable?

The first comprehensive report on the wider use of school buildings ever gathered was presented at Buffalo. A year ago Edward J. Ward, at that time Supervisor of Social Centers and Playgrounds in Rochester, New York, spoke at the League's convention at Cincinnati on "The School Building as a Social Center." The interest created and the questions raised led to the appointment of a committee to make a survey of the whole subject. This committee of twenty includes, besides the Chairman, Mr. Ward, who is now Adviser in Civic and Social Center Development at the University of Wisconsin, representative educators, editors, clergymen, and public officials. The report opened with an article on "The Historic European Antecedents of the Social Center," including the old folk-mote and Swiss democratic development, written by Professor Charles Zueblin; Dr. Samuel Crothers told of the old New England town meetings, and the civic and social gatherings in the little red school-house back in the country; Dr. Goler, of Rochester, spoke of "The Public School Building as a Local Health Office," taking up the development of the dental clinics, school nursing, and preventive medicine and sanitation, with the school as the center. The relation of the social center to public officials was brought out by quotations from Judge Charles E. Hughes and articles from Mayors Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Ohio, and Emil Seidel, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "The Relation of the Social Center to the Church" was considered by the Rev. Richard Edwards, the State University Pastor of the Congregational Church in Wisconsin; and Robert A. Woods, Head Worker of South End House, Boston, wrote on "The Relation

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of the Wider Use of School Buildings to the Social Settlement," showing that the settlement is the pioneer which blazes the way for the extension of the use of school plants for various activities. The work of the Home and School Association, which is largely responsible for the extension in Philadelphia, Boston, and some other cities, was described by Mrs. Mary V. Grice, President of the Association. The Buffalo meeting of the League was generally regarded by those who were in attendance as being not only the most successful in the history of the organization, but as representing the beginning of a new era of still more important and substantial constructive work.

BOSTON'S CIVIC REVIVAL

What has been so successfully accomplished for religion in cities all over the country by means of carefully planned revival meetings, working several weeks at a time in the suburbs and in the city proper, Boston, through its "1915" organization, has just achieved for civics. The campaign opened with a splendid Civic Pageant (already described in The Outlook) and a conference of mayors from all over New England. After this, for a fortnight, meetings were held continuously in no less than thirty-three communities of Greater Boston, with stirring addresses by out-of-town experts on social and civic matters. This solidarity of civic interests was shown to be a fact, and not a theory: of what use to drive slum-dwellers from Boston if they promptly create slums in a hitherto delightful residential district? That improved transportation facilities and favorable health conditions in a city proper necessarily imply happier homes in the suburbs the speakers repeatedly asserted. Dr. Richard C. Cabot spoke on "Colds," and President Eliot on the need of sex education, the former urging a quarantine for the employee who is coughing and sneezing, and the latter characterizing as "a city job" campaigns of education on social diseases and their penalties. "Silence," he said, "has long been an obstruction in coping with this evil of centuries. I once advocated a course of lectures on the subject at Harvard, but the parents of students and many physicians opposed the plan. I am now in favor of having the public school system of the United States take up this vitally important matter." Clinton Rogers Woodruff, Secretary of the National Municipal League, quoted John Burns's two great constructive ideas for a better city: (1) Make the private home so pleasant that vicious outside agencies will have no appeal; (2) make the city a community where health shall be the only wealth. Henry B. F. Macfarland, of Washington, pointed out that what every city needs is personal devotion—not the sentimental devotion of the man who says he loves his mother and does nothing to support her in her declining years, but the devotion of the man who works and sacrifices for the mother to whom he owes so much. On the last day of the rally a large body of young people pledged this type of devotion to Boston by swearing the Young Athenians' oath, impressively administered in Tremont Temple by a judge of the Superior Court. With right hands upraised they recited: "We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We shall fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both singly and together. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. We will strive increasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us." In all the meetings the labor leaders had an important part, and as the campaign drew to a close a large Faneuil Hall meeting was held under the auspices of the Central Labor Union, at which E. A. Filene, who originated the "1915" idea, Paul U. Kellogg, of New York, Mrs. Florence Kelley, of the National Child Labor Committee, and James P. Munroe, Director of Boston 1915, and the newly elected President of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, were speakers. Mr. Kellogg declared it the clear duty of this civic movement "to draft and carry through a labor platform, setting standards of hours, of

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rest, of safety, of health; of restitution when the worker is killed or injured or diseased by his work; of current wages, such as will sustain life amply."

HENRY MARTYN HOYT

The administration of our Government has long suffered not only because of the machinations of corrupt politicians, but also because of the aloofness of the immense number of lawyers and business men who feel that their only aim and end is to make money. Hence it is refreshing to turn to those who, sure of great prestige and material reward in their professional and business endeavors, yet give themselves, at small pecuniary return, to the Government's service. Such men were Lloyd Wheaton Bowers, Solicitor-General, who died recently, and Henry Martyn Hoyt, Counselor of the State Department, who died last week. Both men were called away at a comparatively early age from the scene of their labors. Both were, before everything, gentlemen. Both were remarkable for mental grasp and clearness of vision. Both represented the best qualities of the college man in public life. Both were Yale men, one in the same class with, the other in the class below, President Taft and his intimate friends. Both were peculiarly united in the public mind, for Mr. Bowers succeeded Mr. Hoyt as Solicitor-General. Both were prominently mentioned in connection with an Associate Supreme Court Justiceship. But, aside from their qualifications for high legal station, both represented something else—a cool, quiet detachment from the heat and passion of every-day questions and debates, combined with an intimate and thorough acquaintanceship with the world. Mr. Bowers brought from Chicago and Mr. Hoyt from Philadelphia that first-hand, every-day, close touch with current affairs essential to success. Mr. Hoyt was emphatically a Pennsylvanian, being the son of General Henry Martyn Hoyt, the soldier and author who served as Governor from 1879 to 1883. Mr. Hoyt's connection with his native State was further emphasized by his law course at the University of Pennsylvania, his marriage, his presidency of the Investment Company of Philadelphia, and his practice of law in that city. When President McKinley took office, he appointed Mr. Hoyt an Assistant Attorney-General, from which he was promoted to the Solicitor-Generalship. Under President Roosevelt Mr. Hoyt was Attorney-General Knox's chief adviser, especially in the successful action in the Northern Securities Case; he was also associated with the numerous trust prosecutions started by Attorney-General Bonaparte. When Mr. Knox became Premier in the Taft Cabinet, he selected Mr. Hoyt to fill the new office of Counselor of the Department of State. In that capacity Mr. Hoyt conducted most of the negotiations with foreign countries looking to the adjustment of the tariff schedules under the maximum and minimum provisions of the Payne Law; more recently he had charge of the pending negotiations with Canada regarding reciprocity. At any time the loss of Mr. Hoyt would be severe; it is especially so at this juncture.

AMERICAN CREDULITY

The arrest last week of swindlers who had been running what may be called a get-rich-quick factory in New York illustrates graphically once more the astonishing ease with which impudent scamps obtain the money of ignorant investors. If the charges made against the Burr brothers by the Post-Office inspectors are true, they have taken probably several millions of dollars from credulous people, very largely women or men whose occupations do not give them keen financial intelligence. It would seem that all that is necessary to rob people of this kind is to spend money enough in advertising to call their attention to the golden promises of quick and exceedingly large returns for their money. This fact was emphasized when the inspectors who seized the office of the Burr brothers found over twenty thousand dollars in the morning's mail and many telegrams from people who were afraid that they would lose their chance to invest. What this company appears to have done, roughly speaking, has been to incorporate one bogus stock company after another with high-sounding titles and the allegation that each was past the experimental stage; then to advertise each profusely in the class of papers which will accept such advertisements; then to reap a quick

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harvest; and finally to let that particular corporation dissolve. This they seem to have repeated over and over again, perhaps some forty times. Such operations are possible only in times of general prosperity, when small investors have ready money and perhaps have had their cupidity excited by stories of great gains in Wall Street stock speculation. The country will emphatically indorse the announcement by Postmaster-General Hitchcock that hereafter the United States Government will not content itself by issuing what are called mail fraud orders against such companies, in which they are forbidden the use of the mails, but that it will prosecute under United States statutes the big swindlers of this class and obtain convictions and sentences of imprisonment. A few rigorous prosecutions of this kind are very much needed.

REBELLIOUS MEXICO

At one time last week the revolutionary outbreaks in Mexico gave occasion for serious alarm as to the stability of the Diaz Government. By the end of the week, however, the news reports indicated that the Government had made military dispositions which had checked the many incipient rebellions, and that it had the situation firmly in hand. These insurgent movements may be regarded as a foretaste of what good judges think is almost certain to happen on the death of the great and forceful man who has for so many years directed the destinies of Mexico and built it up as a power and as a united nation. As is well known, Diaz has hoped so to impress his will upon the people that the successor he has chosen should peacefully follow him when the time came, but it is hardly to be expected that the tumultuous and excitable nature of such a people as that in Mexico would gladly allow this to take place. There are too many personal ambitions and too much bitter, although smoldering, hatred to make that probable. What has been peculiar and dangerous about the recent outbreak has been its appearance almost simultaneously in many different parts of the country. It is hardly probable that such a large number of attacks at different points could have taken place at the same moment without some concerted plan. It has been widely asserted, first, that General Reyes, who is regarded as far the ablest man, except Diaz, who has taken part in Mexican affairs of late years, had returned to the country from what has practically been a guarded exile abroad; or, secondly, that although Reyes was not actually in Mexico, he was hastening thither. If either of these reports is true, the situation assumes a seriousness which it otherwise could not have. At first the insurgents captured several towns in the northern States of Mexico, and the rapidity of their movements under their leader, Francisco Madero, self-styled President, was such that for a time the Mexican War Department was puzzled and confused. Later the troops drove the insurgents from most or all of the towns they had seized, back into the hills and forests. The largest town actually occupied by the rebels seems to be Torreon, a place of some importance. On Friday it was asserted that the Mexican Minister of War of the Government was absolute master of the situation at every point in Mexico, and that "*the so-called revolutionists are now* resolved into mere bandits or outlaws."

THE AMERIKA INSTITUT

The organization of the Amerika Institut, recently established in Berlin by the German Government, with Professor Hugo Münsterberg as its first director, is one of the many striking evidences of a new order of international relationship and influence. The New York "Sun" summarizes Professor Münsterberg's interpretation of the spirit and object of the Institut as "a German Governmental institution in the Department of the Ministry of Education, devoted to the furthering of the cultural relations between Germany and the United States." It has nothing to do with politics or commerce; it has everything to do with scholarship and research, with literature and art, with travel and social connections. One of its most important functions will be the exchange of documents and the literature of scholarship through the agency of the Smithsonian Institution; and it will probably deal with the question of the American copyright for German books. It will collect in Berlin a large library for the

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study of historic, economic, and social problems of America; and the services of the staff of the Institut will be at the disposal of American institutions, scholars, and students, special endeavor being made at all times to bring American men of science and research into contact with German universities, archives, laboratories, and libraries. It will be, in a word, a clearing-house of international scholarly knowledge and effort. It will endeavor to secure the translation and circulation in Germany of American books, and the circulation in this country of German books. It is reported to be amply supplied with funds, and is an interesting illustration, not only of the very friendly attitude of the German Government toward our own country, but of the deep and intelligent interest which that Government takes in the development of intellectual and social life. No doubt one of its purposes is to foster an interest in German university education in this country.

COUNT TOLSTOY

The pathos of Count Tolstoy's death disarms criticism and creates compassion where it does not intensify admiration. This lonely old man, who might have lived in affluence but who chose a peasant's fare, who was fanatically devoted to liberty but lived under the despotism of a corrupt bureaucracy, who loved his fellow-men and yet was contemned by his own class and not accepted by the other, who wished for solitude and was pestered by sightseers and camera tormentors, who lived in a world of impracticable ideals of his own creation and simultaneously in a world of intolerable realities imposed upon him by others, who longed to be a reformer and knew not how to take the first practical step toward a real reform, finds the contradictions of his life too great any longer to be borne, and, like a wounded stag, goes away to die in solitude. It is a pitiful ending of a tragical career.

It is exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible, for an American to comprehend Count Tolstoy:—difficult for an Anglo-Saxon to understand the Slav; difficult for one accustomed to measure philosophy by the question, Does it work well? to understand the idealist who never even considers whether his ideal could be made to work at all; difficult for one born a democrat and living in a land of free activity to understand one born an aristocrat and living handicapped by despotic law and social convention; difficult to understand a man of different epochs, who in his later life condemned with severity as great as that of his severest critics what he had written at an earlier period; a man of different moods, who was now a social photographer and now a romancer, now a philosopher and now a novelist, now a moral reformer and now a painter depicting with brutal frankness facts in life which the common taste if not the common conscience of mankind leaves behind a veil; a man who combined an extraordinary genius akin to madness with an extraordinary lack of common sense; a man who chanced on the Gospels as a new discovery and interpreted them sometimes as an ideal by his imagination, sometimes as rules of life prescribed by an inspired bureaucrat, but never as the expression of a free and spontaneous spiritual life; a man who pitied men without respecting them, who hated despotism but forbade his followers to resist it, and who could find no better way to help the peasant population of his country than by playing at their employments, eating of their food, and wearing their garments.

For many years Count Tolstoy has been the foremost figure in the world of letters; a prominence due not only to his genius, but also to his isolation, his lonely apostleship, his intellectual and moral independence, his loyalty to his ideals. But he has not been a leader. In his theory of society, as in his theory of religion, he went back to elemental principles and advocated the re-establishment of what he considered elemental conditions. He endeavored to promote progress by going back to the past; to re-create society by returning to nature; to convert the world to the method of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His stories are not pieces of mere brain-work; he is more than a literary artist. He writes with his instincts, his senses, his intellect, his emotions. He has passion, sentiment, feeling, observation, thought. And yet, despite his tremendous vitality, he remains individualistic and idiosyncratic; interest-

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ing as a great dramatic author, inconclusive, impracticable, ineffective as a moral reformer.

Nevertheless, Count Tolstoy is more than an interesting personality. He has also been a real moral force.

He has done more than any other writer to make the rest of the world acquainted with Russia. No foreigner can see it as he sees it; no native writer has described it with the graphic power and the terrible frankness with which he has described it. If you wish to know Russian life, not merely its organization and outward manifestation, but its innermost spirit, read, not Wallace, or Leroy-Beaulieu, or Walling, or even George Kennan—read Tolstoy. The Russian's spirit of stolid endurance, unhesitating courage, blind obedience and equally blind revolt, Oriental fatalism and assertive individualism, inhumanity to man and sporadic and impracticable moral reform, social splendor and social corruption, are nowhere in literature more graphically portrayed than in "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina." If he tells some truths that had better not be told, he tells them truthfully. Whether the reader will regard him as always moral or not will depend on the reader's answer to the question whether the passions of mankind should be so frankly exploited.

In describing Russia to the world, Count Tolstoy has also described Russia to the Russians. He has put an astonishingly truthful mirror before the Russian reader. In "Anna Karénina" he has made it possible for Russian noble society to see how ignoble it sometimes is; in "War and Peace" he has enabled Russian militarism to see with what sordid and fatuous cruelty war is generally carried on. Whether his fatalistic theory of the battlefield is true or not, his pictures are photographic in their realism. No Peace Society has ever issued so forceful a document against militarism as the one which, in this historical novel, Tolstoy has given to the world.

At the same time, even more effectively than Tourguéneff, he has introduced the different sections of Russian society to each other. Nowhere in Europe, probably nowhere in the world, is the chasm between noble and peasant so broad and deep as in Russia. Nowhere is it so true that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Tolstoy has enabled reading Russia to know how illiterate Russia lives. He has not only made such knowledge possible, he has made ignorance difficult. We doubt whether any one man has done so much as Tolstoy to create the humanely revolutionary spirit in the Russian universities or more to make possible that political revolution, the most manifest though not the most important effect of which is the Duma.

And in thus interpreting Russia to the world and Russia to itself he has carried a message to Russia the value of which only the future can fully reveal. He has been always a moral reformer even in those writings which, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, are immoral. He has portrayed vice with shocking plainness; but he has not reveled in it. He has sometimes familiarized his readers with an experience better left unportrayed, but he has not attracted them to it. If his writings are sometimes immoral, it is because they are sometimes morbid. But, in the main, the message of his pen is a call to liberty and justice, peace and humanity. We are not sure that it may not prove all the more effective because it is the message of a doctrinaire. If his theories of life had been as practical as his descriptions of life are realistic, the bureaucracy would probably have silenced him. Nor is it at all impossible that his somewhat theatrical assumption of the garb and habit of a peasant, which in America could not have been taken seriously, may have added in Russia to the effectiveness of his message.

A prophet must speak to his people in their own dialect and according to their own fashion. Count Tolstoy is a Russian speaking to Russians. To forget that is to forget the elemental fact in his picturesque career. If he be judged by American standards, it is impossible for us to join in the chorus of indiscriminating praise which his followers demand. But it is not impossible that the future, judging him as a Russian speaking to Russians, will find that his work has been made more effective by the defects which it shares with the people and the age to which it was addressed.

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LATIN AMERICA

By Latin America we mean those countries and peoples of the Western Hemisphere which have their origin and roots in the so-called Latin races of Southern Europe. Latin America, therefore, embraces Mexico, the republics of Central America, and the nations of South America.

It is the common opinion of those who know South America, Central America, and Mexico that the relations of the United States with those countries are far from perfect. They are hardly even neighborly. It is to Europe that the Latin-American turns when he is buying goods, borrowing capital, employing expert advisers in the development of his mines and industries, or seeking an education for his sons and daughters. There is an overwhelming mass of evidence that Anglo-Saxon America and Latin America, while on terms of formal and political peace, are not on terms of cordial friendship. In a very illuminating article elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, Mr. Wallace Gillpatrick, who knows, trusts, and likes the people of Mexico, says that "the Mexican people regard us and our intentions with distrust." In a recent interesting address before the Quill Club of New York City, Mr. Felipe Pardo, Peruvian Minister to the United States, courteously and tactfully alluded to the misunderstanding of Latin America which prevails in the United States in the following language:

"You must confess that, until within the last few years, you would not have considered it interesting to have listened at a banquet of the Quill Club to remarks in regard to the Spanish-American republics. I do not blame you for not feeling any interest in a subject not appealing to your countrymen. The ignorance existing until recent years in this country in regard to her sister republics has sometimes been most comical. I recall the fact that ten years ago I was asked in three different telegraph offices on receiving telegrams for Lima, Peru—'What is Lima? Is Peru the capital of Bolivia? Is Peru on the western or eastern coast of South America?' To show more clearly the difference to-day, I will tell you that a few days ago I sent a telegram to Lima from a modest office in a mountain district of Pennsylvania, and the telegraph operator said proudly, on reading the address: 'I know where Lima is. It is the capital of Peru, South America.' Things have changed indeed, and North American public opinion is learning and becoming more and more interested in matters pertaining to South America."

In a recent letter in the New York "Sun" a writer who, unlike the majority of his countrymen, is familiar with South America, its people, and the great opportunities which it presents to the merchants and manufacturers of the United States, testifies to the indifference and ignorance prevailing in this country with regard to Latin America as follows:

> If the average American manufacturer were to be told that Brazil alone is much larger than the United States, he would hardly believe it. If further informed that Latin America comprised twenty republics, varying in size from the area of Brazil to Salvador, and that this latter country would take in Rhode Island six times over, he would be amazed. Still further, if he knew that the combined area of all the Latin-American republics amounted to a total of 9,000,000 square miles (three times larger than the United States), that the combined population amounted to 70,000,000, he would look aghast; and, finally, if he could be shown that these countries together bought goods from abroad to the value of $1,005,000,000 a year, and that the United States sold only one-fifth of this total, he would be liable to gasp and exclaim:
>
> "Where do I come in on this proposition?"
>
> The best and most sensible answer and advice would be: "Go after the business seriously and properly, and give reasonable credit, as other countries do."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The American manufacturer needs an export trade badly, and he cannot deny it. The country needs it as badly, and it cannot be denied. Hitherto efforts to secure it have been puerile and impractical and unworthy of a great and progressive people and nation.
>
> The occasion is most opportune for the immediate development of closer commercial, financial, and social relations with the Latin-American republics and peoples, and so unifying the Western Hemisphere into a modern, powerful, world-wide factor.
>
> This can only be done efficaciously by creating and fostering greater confidence and trust reciprocally.

The most important and significant evidence, however, that the United States

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has needed to cultivate valuable relations in friendship and in commerce with Latin America is found in the journey which Mr. Root, when he was Secretary of State, thought it necessary to make four years ago to the chief capitals of South America. Mr. Root's address at that time before the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro was published in full in The Outlook. The fundamental reason for the cultivation of the Pan-American spirit and a Pan-American friendship was stated with great clearness by Mr. Root. "Unlike," he said to the South Americans, "as we are in many respects, we are alike in this—that we are all engaged, under new conditions and free from the traditional forms and limitations of the Old World, in working out the same problem of popular self-government." And he went on to point out that this problem cannot be solved in a spirit of national isolation. "It is with nations as it is with individual men; intercourse, association, correction of egotism by the influence of others' judgment, broadening of views by the experience and thought of equals, acceptance of the moral standard of a community the desire for whose good opinion lends a sanction to the rules of right conduct—these are the conditions of growth in civilization."

All this testimony goes to show that every motive—the desire for political influence, the desire for commercial profit, and the merely altruistic but perhaps finest desire of all, the desire for human solidarity—ought to lead the people of the United States seriously to consider whether their attitude towards Latin America does not need to be modified and improved. The fact is, and it might as well be stated bluntly, that we think we are superior to the people in the southern part of this hemisphere, although we have less ground for that feeling than they have for their irritation at our patronizing and supercilious manner. Under the Monroe Doctrine we are bound to protect Latin America from foreign aggrandizement; we are morally bound under the same doctrine to protect Europe from the damages which follow long periods of domestic disorder or revolution in the smaller Latin-American countries. But we cannot hope for moral support from either Latin America or Europe in maintaining the Monroe Doctrine and in administering the Panama Canal, nor can we hope to establish profitable commercial relations with the great and rich countries south of Texas and California, unless we become acquainted with those countries, regard their desires and tastes with sympathy, and treat their inhabitants as neighbors and equals.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RELIGION

The recently published correspondence of Mr. Gladstone[1] will be interesting chiefly to students of English history—ecclesiastical and theological. But the pages appropriated to "The Controversy with Unbelief" and the "Letters of Mr. Gladstone to his Children," extracts from which we give elsewhere in this issue, will be of more general, because of more human, interest. To understand the ecclesiastical and theological letters one must have some previous familiarity with the ecclesiastical and theological controversies of the last century in England. But Mr. Gladstone's letters on unbelief suggest methods of dealing with doubts and difficulties in religion which are confined to no special questions, places, or epoch.

Religious faith may be based on either authority, reason, or experience. Authority gives positive dogma; reason gives scientific or philosophical opinion; experience gives a mystical faith. Ask three men why they believe in God. The first replies, Because the Church and the Bible assure him that God exists; the second, Because the phenomena of creation compel the conclusion that there is a Creator; the third, Because he is personally acquainted with God and talks with him. To the first God is a report; to the second a conviction; to the third an experience.

Mr. Gladstone in his controversies with unbelief rests his belief wholly on authority and reason. There is no indication in his letters that he is acquainted with such writers as Madame Guyon,

[1] Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone. Selected and Arranged by D. C. Lathbury. With Portraits and Illustrations. In Two Volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Bishop Fénelon, Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, or even with such contemporaries as F. W. Robertson, F. D. Maurice, and James Martineau. We do not doubt that he was measurably familiar with them; he was too catholic a student to be unacquainted with their writings. We do not doubt that he had the mystic experience. No one can doubt that who reads his letters to his children. There is in one of these letters an implied recognition of the principle that the evidence of spiritual truth is in the response which the spirit of man makes to it: "The whole Bible, all the first ideas of Revelation, imply that there is in man a moral standard by means of which its divinity can be recognized." In one of his letters to his son this inward witness of the spirit is even more explicitly recognized: "St. Ignatius, a very early martyr, astonished his pagan persecutors by declaring that he was χριστόφορος—that he bore his Redeemer within him. That sublime privilege, however, he did not mean was his alone; it is common to all the faithful." But these are exceptional utterances. Mr. Gladstone rests his argument for Christian faith on authority and on reason. This may be because he agrees with Professor James that a mystical experience is authority only to him who possesses it; or it may be because a natural reserve forbids him to report to others the sacred experience which is conclusive to himself. Whatever the cause, the fact is that his appeal in controversy with unbelief is to authority and to reason, and to them alone. And he states them both very effectively.

We do not recall ever seeing the ground of authority more clearly stated in shorter compass than in the following sentence:

> Rely upon it, those people commit a fundamental error of the understanding who think it their first duty to question everything, and begin in every matter from the beginning, as if God had done nothing for mankind as a race; or who set up a supposed contradiction between authority and private reason, whereas one of the true functions of private reason is to comprehend the nature and limits and to recognize the office of authority as a πίστις of truth.

It is only in theology that men imagine that each man must discover truth for himself, and is denied permission to avail himself of the experience of the past. Most of the readers of this passage believe that the world revolves around the sun, and believe it, in contradiction to the plain appearance of nature, wholly on authority. Not many of them, if asked by Jasper to tell why they held that opinion, could give any other reason than that it is the conclusion of the scientific world. A great many of what are called religious opinions, but are really literary opinions, must necessarily be based on authority. Who wrote the Fourth Gospel? Were the first five books of the Bible written by Moses, or are they in whole or in part a compilation of a later date? Is Isaiah one book by one author, or a collection of addresses by different authors? Few of us have the time or the training necessary to make an independent investigation of these questions. We must accept the ready-made answers furnished by scholars on whose authority we rely.

Nor does the value of authority end with such questions. Whatever the Bible and prayer may be to us as a personal experience, we may well believe in their value to the human race on the testimony of the myriads who have found them valuable, and conclude that if they are nothing to us the defect is in ourselves. Mr. Darwin did not conclude that Shakespeare was a valueless book because he had lost his interest in Shakespeare. It is for this reason that we cannot agree with Professor James that a mystical experience is authority only to him who possesses it. The experience of enjoyment of music possessed by the majority of the human race ought to be evidence to the exceptional soul that there is a real life of beauty from which for some reason he is shut out; only a singular self-conceit would prevent him from wishing that he might share it. So the experience of strength and comfort derived by the great majority of the human race from communion with God, extending over all centuries, among all peoples, and in all religions, ought to be evidence to the exceptional soul that there is a real life of inspiration from which he is for some reason shut out, and which he may well aspire to enter.

But all that authority can do is to convince him that such an experience exists; it cannot give him the experience, nor

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take the place of it. No assurance, either from Church or Bible, that there is a reality in prayer can take the place of prayer. No conviction that David wrote the Twenty-third Psalm, and that to him Jehovah was a shepherd, can take the place of a personal experience which can say, The Lord is *my* Shepherd; he leadeth *me*. A boy brought up in an orphan asylum may believe on the authority of others that there is an experience of home life, enriched by the love of parents and of brothers and sisters. But that belief is not, and cannot be, a substitute for such experience; and he who has enjoyed the experience has no occasion to go to the authority of others to convince him that it exists. Experience is not based on authority; authority is based on experience. Authority is nothing but the sum of a vast number of human experiences.

The argument against unbelief from reason Mr. Gladstone puts no less effectively:

> I contend that the skeptic is of all men on earth the most inconsistent and irrational. He uses a plea against religion which he never uses against anything he wants to do or any idea he wants to embrace—viz., the want of demonstrative evidence. Every day and all day long he is acting on evidence not demonstrative; he eats the dish he likes without certainty that it is not poisoned; he rides the horse he likes without certainty that the animal will not break his neck; he sends out of the house a servant he suspects without demonstration of guilt; he marries the woman he likes with no absolute knowledge that she loves him; he embraces the political opinion that he likes, perhaps without any study at all, certainly without demonstrative evidence of its truth. But when he comes to religion, he is seized with a great intellectual scrupulosity, and demands as a pre-condition of homage to God what everywhere else he dispenses with, and then ends with thinking himself more rational than other people.

This argument from probability also seems to us conclusive in controversy with unbelief. We who believe ought not to stand upon the defensive. We have a right to demand that unbelief offer us some explanation of the phenomena of life and show us that it is more probable than our explanation. What is your explanation of an intelligible universe if there is no intelligible God who has made us and who made it? What is your explanation of the fact that wherever man has emerged from a purely animal condition there are altars and priests and temples and worship, if in all these centuries he has found that worship unmeaning and unreal? What is your explanation of the fact that after eighteen centuries of moral and intellectual development, and of criticism and controversy, the Bible is still the world's "best seller"? What is your explanation of the fact that wherever the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth have gone he is the most revered and loved of all the figures in human history? If we are to answer these questions, as we answer other questions in philosophy, by balancing probabilities, the balance is wholly in favor of faith in God the Creator and in personal human communion with him, and in the Bible as a pre-eminent echo of his voice in human experience, and of Jesus as the supreme manifestation of his spirit in human life.

But while this argument from probability confirms Christian faith, it does not create Christian faith. Neither the dogmas received from authority nor the conclusions furnished by reason are any substitute for the faith which is an experience. As authority is the sum of human experiences, so reason is the interpretation of human experiences. The basis of faith is neither authority nor reason, but experience.

There are some convictions which can never rest securely on a balance of probabilities. If a man concludes, after a careful consideration of the pros and cons, that his wife is *probably* loyal, there is a gap between him and her which nothing but certainty can bridge. Doubts vanquished by probabilities return again. The famous prayer "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul," was no prayer at all; it was only an aspiration. Who can long keep up with interest a monologue to a companion whom he thinks probably is not deaf and dumb?

There are theories concerning God, prayer, the Bible, Jesus Christ, which are only theories and rest upon a balance of probabilities. Theology is a science of probabilities. But religion is not. Religion is a personal experience. God is the Great Companion; prayer is conscious fellowship with him; the Bible is a revealing to the reader of the divine elements

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in his own life through the interpretation of those elements in the corresponding life of others; and Jesus Christ is defined as divine because there is no other personality within our ken which so commands our reverencing love.

The Christian belief rests not on authority, though authority bears witness to it; nor on reason, though reason confirms it; but on experience. The basis of faith is—faith.

THE SPECTATOR

The phrase "the eighth wonder of the world" has been applied to a variety of subjects that have appealed to the imagination of the beholders since the hanging gardens of Babylon were brought low and Diana of the Ephesians ceased to be called great. The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the flying-machine, have all been so denominated, and each has held its place for a time, till some new aspirant for the honor has come forward. The Spectator felt the other day that the time had come when the latest claimant, the flying-machine, would have to dispute its position with another new arrival—namely, the instantaneous photograph of moving objects in their natural colors.

These were not the hand-colored cinematograph pictures which we have all seen, in which each of the thousands of separate films that make up a group of pictures is laboriously colored by the brush of a deft worker, a process taking a week or ten days at the least. Nor were they the Lumière color photographs on glass, which astonished the world a year or two ago with the first real color photography, and were everywhere acclaimed as the greatest advance in photography since the days of Niepce and Daguerre. The Lumière process required from sixty to a hundred times longer exposure than the ordinary photographic plate, and instantaneous work was out of the question. And here was a process that produced color motion pictures in one-half the time required for the taking of the ordinary instantaneous motion picture, with practically absolute fidelity to the real coloration of rapidly moving objects. The Lumière process was wonderful; the Kinemacolor process, which is the name given to the new motion pictures, is marvelous.

The first picture put on the screen in the exhibition of this process (just introduced into America) which was given for the Spectator's enlightenment was of an English harbor at sunset. A ship lay at anchor, her white paint glistening, gay bunting flying from every mast, small boats and busy tugs swarming around her, ladies in bright dresses sharing the decks with white-clad sailormen. The rich colors of the evening sky made almost a Turneresque background, reflected with wonderful vividness in the shimmering water. The scene was realistic to the last degree—and the colors in all their natural hues were painted by Science, not by Art.

Another series showed some familiar barnyard scenes. Old Dobbin taking a drink—the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea—the shepherd with his flock—Mary with her pet lamb, the latter being fed from a bottle—the patient donkey nibbling a carrot—the happy haymakers in the field. All seemed absolutely alive, the brightest colors and the neutral tints being shown with convincing fidelity; and one had the feeling that realism in art had at last come to its own. The delicate bloom on the child's cheek was like the work on an exquisite miniature. The Spectator was not surprised to hear that when, a short time ago, these pictures were shown in Paris, the audience of artists and journalists believed, before the contrary fact had been demonstrated, that in some way these films must have been colored by hand, by an exceedingly skillful artist.

But even more original and beautiful were the pictures of flowers. Roses, lilies, pansies, dahlias, nasturtiums, gladioli, and other flowers, were not only seen in all the brilliant beauty of fresh bloom, but actually as opening their blossoms before one's eyes, from the tightly closed bud to the full panoply of the most gorgeous dahlia or Chinese lily. Truly when one had thus, as it were, assisted

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at the birth of a flower, a feeling of genuine awe came over one, and the thought, too, that a child who should see these wonderful things must not only have his soul awakened to beauty, but to the knowledge that science brings us close to the divine. Against the undoubted harm that has come to some children who have loved the moving-picture show not wisely but too well should be set the awakening of the imagination that must come from seeing pictures such as these, under proper auspices.

Other subjects were scenes in foreign lands—an Algerian merchant exhibiting his gayly colored wares; the harvesting of an orange crop in all its golden beauty; an amusing bit of play between a white cat and a green parrot who had, strangely enough, struck up a friendship; groups of guests at a summer hotel where Dame Fashion helped the camera to make a gay display—all presented with the same startling fidelity to the colors of the actual objects.

And how are these marvels accomplished? Not, as the Spectator has said, by the artificial coloring of the film. Nor yet, as in the Lumière process, by the action of chemicals on a starch-grain color screen superimposed on the film. Strange as it may seem, the original film in this new method—the Kinemacolor process—is simple black and white. This was proved to the Spectator by running the film through the bioscope as an ordinary motion picture. The brilliant colors of a moment before were reduced to the dullness of a flat monochrome. The secret of the marvel lies partly in the interposition between the film and the screen on which the image is thrown of a rapidly revolving disc of colored gelatine. The primary colors of which all hues are composed are represented on this disc. The Kinemacolor process—it is the invention of two Englishmen, Messrs. Urban and Smith—involves, before this, the taking of the photographs on specially sensitized films with two alternating filters which pass to the film, in the order of their luminosity, "the colors white, yellow, orange, red, green, blue, violet, indigo, and black." Thus all the colors of the spectrum are accurately recorded on the film through the interposition of the gelatine filters. The first snapshot, for instance, in the rapidly moving film would be taken through the red filter and would represent red and its allied colors; the second exposure would be through the green filter and would embody green and its allied colors. The time employed in taking these two pictures is the same as that used in taking one for the ordinary motion picture. When the pictures come to be enlarged and reflected through the bioscope, the red and green gelatine screens in front of the film are changed in the same order as when the exposures were made. Thus, if the machine were operated very slowly, we should see first a red-tinted picture, then one in a green tint. Owing to the optical phenomenon known as persistence of vision, however, when the pictures are run through rapidly, the eye mingles the colors just as it mingles the separate images in the black and white motion picture, and the result to our eye is a picture with the objects in motion and also in the natural colors.

In the case of the flower developing from bud to blossom, the photographs are taken very slowly for a long period—at intervals of seven seconds for sixty-four hours in one case—to get the record of development in the various stages; and then, to present these to the eye as in motion, they are speeded up in the bioscope seven or eight thousand times faster than they were taken. So we see the long "process of the suns" reproduced in a few seconds in a glorious burst of color.

And as the last vision of beauty faded and the ordinary world was seen again in the light of day, the Spectator remembered the fairy stories of childhood, with their tales of the magic carpet and the seven-league boots which transported one in a twinkling to distant scenes, and he realized that fairy stories sometimes are outdone by the accomplishments of practical men. The imagination of our ancestors produced folk tales and myths; our imaginations are creating wonder stories out of metal, glass, and light.

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COUNT TOLSTOY AND THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT

BY GEORGE KENNAN

This article was written during Tolstoy's illness and after he had left his home, but before his death.—THE EDITORS.

IN commenting recently upon the career and literary activity of "Russia's Great Writer"—as Tourguéneff once called Tolstoy—a leading New York paper said:

"Only a few days ago news was received here that the Russian Government had ordered the seizure of 'Three Days in a Village,' Count Tolstoy's latest work. It is a pamphlet—a short recital of what happened in three days spent in a village near Tolstoy's estate. It is a plain story, unadorned by rhetoric, but it paints a terrible picture of conditions in Russia to-day, conditions due to overtaxation of the wretched peasants and to militarism. Short as the pamphlet is, it is yet, in its tremendous strength, an amazing production for a man eighty-two years old. Indeed, its suppression by the authorities is a sufficient proof of its power, for though the Russian Church has occasionally launched its thunders against him, the Russian Government has seldom cared, or dared, to incur the contempt of the civilized world by taking active measures to suppress his writings."

The writer of the paragraph above quoted doubtless had in mind such writings of Count Tolstoy as "The Cossacks," "War and Peace," "Anna Karénina," and "The Resurrection." Against these books, it is true, the Government never has taken active measures of suppression, although it did eliminate from "The Resurrection" most of the chapters relating to prisons and courts. These writings, however, were all novels, and, with the exception of "The Resurrection," they did not touch any of the social and economic problems that the Russian Government has reserved for consideration and settlement by its own officials. Whenever Tolstoy undertook to discuss, or throw light upon, a moral, religious, or economic question, his writings were promptly suppressed, without the least regard to the "contempt of the civilized world," to which, perhaps, the Czar and his Ministers had become accustomed. In an official publication of the Russian Government (the "Prison Messenger"), dated April 14, 1910, there is a complete list of all the books in the Russian language that have been incidentally condemned by the Russian courts—civil or military—in the trial of political cases since the unsuccessful revolution of 1905–6. This *index librorum prohibitorum* fills forty-eight large, closely printed octavo pages; and the writings of Count Tolstoy are represented in it by no less than twenty-nine titles. In order to show the wide range of Tolstoy's mental activity in recent years and the nature of the work he has been trying to do, as well as the attitude of the Government toward him, I give below the translated titles of some of the books and brochures which have thus been condemned as pernicious, immoral, or revolutionary, and which are not allowed to be sold, bought, or circulated in the Russian Empire. Many of them, I think, will be unfamiliar to American readers.

"Where Is the Way Out?"

"Is It Really Necessary?"

"Nikolai Palkin" (Nikolai of the Stick, or Nicholas the Flogger. This was translated into English and published in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine.")

"God Is not God because He Is Strong, but because He Is Just."

"Concerning the Jews."

"The One Thing Needful."

"How Shall the Working People Be Set Free?"

"Concerning the Popular Uprising in Russia."

"The Significance of the Russian Revolution." (The case involving this book was carried by appeal to the Imperial Supreme Court, which acquitted the accused but ordered the destruction of the whole edition, including the stereotype plates.)

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"The Education of Enlightenment and the Education of Culture."

"A Remembrancer for Army Officers."

"A Letter to Liberals."

"Concerning Reason and Faith."

"The Kingdom of God is Within You."

"The Four Gospels: An Investigation, a Translation, and a Harmony."

"Reason: The Ideas of Many Thinkers."

"A Remembrancer for Soldiers."

"Christianity and Military Service."

"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

It is a curious fact that the "Kreutzer Sonata," which has been more severely criticised in western Europe and America than any other of Tolstoy's works, and which has been wholly prohibited in Japan, does not appear in this list. The books here condemned are all "politically dangerous"—that is, dangerous to the Russian Church or State—because they deal with such incendiary subjects as reason, education, justice, mercy, the Kingdom of God, the teaching of the Apostles, the condition of the laboring class, the Russian Jews, flogging, capital punishment, military service, and the sins of cruelty and violence. Against all of these books and pamphlets, which embody most of the work of Tolstoy since 1885, the Russian Government has taken the most active possible measures. Every one of them has been seized and confiscated in bookstores and withdrawn from circulation in libraries throughout the Empire, and even the stereotype plates of most of them have been destroyed by the police. These "active measures," moreover, have been directed against the publishers, sellers, and distributers of the writings, as well as against the writings themselves. Tchertkoff, Tolstoy's literary assistant and editor, was banished last year from the province of Tula, where the Count's estate is situated; Guseff, who succeeded him, was exiled to a remote and lonely peasant village in the province of Viatka; and Mr. N. E. Felten, one of Tolstoy's St. Petersburg publishers, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress for bringing out an edition of the brochure entitled "What Is To Be Done?" Tolstoy, in signed letters, has repeatedly challenged the Government to take "active measures" against him personally, instead of against his editors, publishers, and secretaries; but, as he contemptuously said in his open letter on the exile of Guseff, which The Outlook published last fall, the officials of the Czar "don't dare to bite, so they scratch."

Among recent "scratches" of Nicholas II and his bureaucrats are the order of Premier Stolypin forbidding the Provincial Assembly of Moscow to name a library after Tolstoy (February 11, 1910); the order of the Governor-General of Moscow forbidding the city Council to discuss the question of celebrating Count Tolstoy's birthday (carried to the Imperial Supreme Court by appeal in April, 1910); the order of the governor of the province of Taurida forbidding the Zemstvo of Theodosia to hang portraits of Tolstoy and Tourguéneff in its public schools (January 30, 1910); the order of the Governor of the province of Lifland forbidding the Ausma Literary Society of Riga to have a lecture on "Tolstoy as a Primary School Teacher" (April 15, 1910); the order of the Governor of Moscow prohibiting the reading in schools of Tolstoy's tract "God Sees the Truth but is Slow to Speak" (April 9, 1910); and the order of the authorities in the territory of the Don forbidding the Popular Recreation Society to name after Tolstoy a school that it had established in the town of Novocherkassk (April 7, 1910). In this last case, the proposal of the Recreation Society was characterized by the Don authorities as "inopportune;" but whether it was the opening of the school or the selection of a name that was inopportune does not clearly appear—probably both.

One of the severest blows recently struck at Tolstoy by the Russian Government was the criminal prosecution, last fall, of the religious society known as the "Tolstoy colony," at Krinitsk, in the Caucasus, where a small body of the Count's followers were trying to live the peaceful, altruistic life that he advocated. In November, 1909, the Chamber of Justice of Novocherkassk found every member of this colony guilty of "conspiracy to overthrow the existing form of government," and sentenced them all to imprisonment in a fortress for terms ranging from six months to a year and a half. It

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was to this colony that Count Tolstoy was going when he recently left his estate in Yasnaya Polyana, and it is possible that he hoped, in the last year or years of his life, to share some of the trouble and suffering that his teachings had brought to this little band of faithful disciples. We do not yet know all the circumstances that influenced Tolstoy in undertaking a journey that may possibly be his last; but there can be no doubt, I think, that the incessant persecution and harassment to which he and his closest friends have been subjected by the Government since 1905 have greatly shaken him nervously and have clouded all his recent years with discouragement and sadness. And yet he has fought for his ideas to the last. Only five weeks ago he wrote the following letter to Professor I. A. Malinovski, of St. Petersburg, who sent him a book that he had just written, entitled "Blood Revenge and the Death Penalty:"

Yasnaya Polyana, October 8, 1910.

My dear Ionaki Alexeyevich: I thank you most heartily for your book. I have not yet read the whole of it carefully, but, upon looking through it, I am glad to see that it must have great influence in freeing our people and our society from the terrible hypnotism to which they are now subject. It will do this, partly on account of the overawing influence that scientific authority always exercises upon the great mass of the people, and partly on account of the hatred of evil with which it is saturated. Such books, as I jokingly said only yesterday to your fellow-provinceman and acquaintance V. Bulgakoff, may yet do a thing that I have long thought impossible, and that is, reconcile me to official science.

Could I have believed, fifty years ago, that in another half-century the scaffold would become a normal institution in Russia, and that "cultured" and "learned" people would demonstrate its usefulness! But every evil brings with it a correlated good, and it is so in this case. If it were not for these awful post-revolutionary years there would be no such vehement expressions of dissatisfaction with the death penalty as yours, and no such moral, religious, and scientific arguments to prove that capital punishment is irrational and criminal, and that the return to it cannot possibly be permanent. Your excellent work, I believe, will take a prominent place among the books that contain such expressions and arguments, and in this belief I hope—indeed I am sure—I do not err. I thank you again for sending it to me, and with all my heart I wish you the greatest of earthly blessings—the continuance of such fruitful labor.

With sincere esteem and affection,

LEO TOLSTOY.

This letter does not show any indication of failing mental power, nor is there in it any premonition of approaching crisis or impending death. It is the work, apparently, of a sane and unperturbed spirit. Should it chance to be among the last letters that the world will have from Tolstoy's pen, his friends will be glad that it contains a final condemnation of a system of bloody reprisals in Russia which is responsible for six thousand two hundred and sixty-eight death sentences in five short years.

SUBTLE ROBBERY

BY IREL MARLAT

Dost hesitate to take thy brother's coat?
Dost look askance at him who steals the loaf?
An inner scrutiny, beyond the mote,
Will oft reveal what rivals both.
He steals the sordid commonplace, the thing
On which his hands are laid. You scruple here
And piously condemn. But oh, you break the wing
On which he soars. You take his priceless cheer
And nag him till he lays his courage down
And gives into your ruthless hands his peace.
Yes, you can walk with head erect, but when
You wrest from him his vision, strength, and crown,
You share his beggar destiny. Increase
Or poverty is to the world of men!

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MEXICANS AND AMERICANS

BY WALLACE GILLPATRICK

WITH the increasing prominence of Mexico as regards her great natural wealth and industrial progress, and with the wide attention attracted by her recent celebration of the centenary of her national independence, the matter of the existing and future relations of the United States to Mexico—of Americans to Mexicans—assumes renewed interest. And while it is true that for the fiscal year 1909–1910 the United States ranks first in trade with Mexico, it is also true that we enjoy the advantage of being her next-door neighbor, and that as such it behooves us constantly to cultivate with her neighborly relations of both a commercial and a social nature. The relative order of other countries as regards the volume of their trade with Mexico is as follows: Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain. Mexico's commerce with Central and South America is negligible, representing less than one per cent of her exports and imports. Notwithstanding our commercial supremacy, if we consider the purely social or human relations which are inseparable from trade, we find that each of the countries previously named outranks our own.

It may be frankly stated that, despite the manifestly cordial relations of the two Governments, the Mexican people regard us and our intentions with distrust, and that many Americans residing in or visiting Mexico contribute to this feeling either by suggestion or by freely expressed opinions, which, though adverse in thought and intent to the policy of our Government, are not less disquieting to the Mexicans on that account. And while diplomatic relations between the two countries are of course established and fostered by their respective Governments, the people of both in their mutual intercourse continually contribute to and influence those relations.

Three historical facts loom pre-eminent for the United States and Mexico: the war of 1847, which Mexico always considered unjust, and which many Americans now believe to have been so; Minister Seward's note to France which resulted in the withdrawal from Mexico of the French troops in 1867—and, while Mexico recognizes the service rendered, she naturally does not regard it in the light of a wholly disinterested act; finally, the installation of railways and the development of Mexican industries by American initiative and capital; and here again, while Mexico has invited and welcomed both, it would not be in human nature to be other than sensitive regarding general exploitation of the national resources by foreigners. In each of these facts the United States appears in the dominant rôle natural for a large and powerful Nation, whether it be as the aggressor or the benefactor, and this would seem to prescribe for us that just and considerate attitude, becoming to great strength, which apparently actuates our Government in its intercourse with Mexico.

Assuming, as we have every reason to do, that the two Governments have a satisfactory understanding, founded on a sound and enduring basis, it remains for the American and Mexican people, who are destined to meet and mingle more and more, to strive earnestly and patiently for a similar understanding. That the Mexicans are doing their part is evident. They send their young men to American universities, and many of them remain for several years' business or professional experience in our country before returning home to put it in practice. English is taught in the public schools of Mexico, and its use is constantly growing there, especially with the younger generation. The National University of Mexico, a recent foundation which actually represents the assembling of the various national colleges under a general directorate, has several Americans in its faculty.

Mexico's supreme contributions to international amity are her spontaneous and unfailingly kind reception of Americans and her generous hospitality, which, despite much misunderstanding and some abuse, is still abundantly given, being an integral factor in the national life. A careful study of Mexican character and customs made by the writer during a prolonged

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residence in the country will perhaps contribute somewhat to the American side of this much-to-be-desired understanding between neighboring peoples. Such a study will be clarified if we remember that since the conquest, or for nearly four centuries, the dominant influence in the social and intellectual life of Mexico has been Spanish; hence it is possible, notwithstanding the clearly defined class lines, to characterize certain traits and customs as national—much more possible, in fact, than in our own country, where vast distances and varied ancestry are responsible for marked contrasts both in character and customs.

A general attribute of the Mexican character is pride. Its most remarkable, and at the same time least understood, manifestation is considerateness towards all the world. It seems an embodiment of the old Spanish maxim, "In honoring others we amply honor ourselves." This attitude is apparent in all the relations of life, between people of the same class, high or low, and between people of different classes. The customs that have origin in it are legion. In Mexico a courteous manner is universal—between friends, where mutual respect seems always present; between employer and employee, where unfailing politeness is observed; and between mistress and maid and master and man. While Mexican servants are usually submissive and faithful, the classes they serve are almost unfailingly considerate of them. A direct order, as such, to a servant is unusual, it nearly always taking the form of a request prefaced with "Do me the favor." There is magic in those four words, and, once an American appreciates it, he will never go to Mexico without them.

It is in the family that this quality described as considerateness has its most beautiful expression in the tender relations of parents and children and of brothers and sisters, in thoughtful attentions to the aged by younger members of the family, and by the care for obscure and needy relatives, all of whom are welcomed and cherished within the family fold. This adhesion of the family is general, from the homes of the rich to those of the poorest laborer, where shelter and scanty fare are cheerfully divided with a *pariente* (relative). It is said in Mexico of the very poor, "They have only the night and the day;" but so generous are the poor with each other that there always seems at least something to eat for every one. A Mexican never takes refreshment of any kind in the presence of others without first offering to share it, and I have observed that among the humble folk the offer is frequently accepted.

A familiar example of the considerateness of the Mexican people is their serious attention to the labored efforts of Americans with the language, and this is remarkable if we consider how many go to live in the country with no knowledge whatever of Spanish and throughout years of residence make no effort to acquire it, violating daily in unpardonable fashion what is perhaps the most sonorous and beautiful vehicle of human speech. As an instance of the indolence of Americans in this regard, I have known compatriots of mine who, after ten years in the country, were still innocent of all forms of the verb save the infinitive. Desiring a glass of water, they would say to a servant, "*Querer agua*," which means "to wish water." To this weird manner of asking, the Mexican servant, with quick intuition, promptly responds.

When an American expresses the wish to learn Spanish, with what enthusiasm his Mexican acquaintances assist him! And, while it seems natural enough for two people of different races to exchange in learning each other's language, I often have marveled at the disinterestedness of Mexicans in coaching and correcting the American with apparently no thought of acquiring English in return. Their manifest feeling is pleasure at the American's desire to speak their language, and they help him in every way possible.

This fine sort of pride in the Mexican character, of which the chief manifestation is considerateness, is informed by another quality which is also a national characteristic—extreme sensitiveness. With all their scrupulous regard for the feelings of others, the Mexicans expect and demand the like in return. There is nothing unreasonable in this, it being really the logical working out of the Golden Rule according to modern ethics. Yet it is right here, underneath this pleasant sea of Mexican

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kindness and urbanity, that lies concealed the rock on which many a ship freighted with the good intentions of Mexicans and Americans alike has been wrecked; and, while this rock is nothing more nor less than unfamiliarity with each other's customs, the fault seems plainly to rest with the Americans, who have sought the country of the Mexicans, and are therefore bound to learn their customs. It is significant that when the ship referred to puts to sea this side the border, while the sea is not quite devoid of breakers, there is seldom a catastrophe. Not only are the Mexicans very observant of ways that are new, and quick to conform, but they maintain under all circumstances an outward calm that is undisturbed by innovations, be they ever so unaccustomed. This unperturbed manner is indeed another national trait, and one that Americans find baffling and incomprehensible, while Europeans seem to take it quite as a matter of course. Even the English, who do not acquire the language and customs so rapidly as the Germans and French, are more responsive than are the Americans.

It is not the purpose of this article to convey the impression that the Mexican people cherish an inherent dislike of Americans. On the contrary, they are quite prepared to like them when afforded sufficient reason, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that they do like all well-meaning Americans within their gates. The serious stumbling-block in the way of a better understanding has been the frequent incursions of Americans who are not well-meaning, or, to put it as charitably as possible, whose ignorance of Mexican history and civilization, united to their provincial egotism and conceit, render their conduct a continuous offense to the people whose country they have invaded. To appreciate this fully it is necessary to bear in mind the unfailing attitude of respectful interest maintained by Mexicans when abroad.

It would be a painful matter to rehearse at length the unfortunate incidents of our nominally peaceful intercourse, whether official, commercial, or purely social, with our Mexican neighbors. If I refer to them at all, it is in order that those who are interested may see matters from a somewhat different angle than heretofore has been available. Some ten years ago an official party visited Mexico, having been appointed from Washington to represent the United States at certain functions in the Mexican capital. They were accompanied by their wives and by members of their families, but they apparently had no appreciation of the fact that they were going into the midst of a civilization and a culture quite European in character. Many of the men displayed the utmost indifference towards the social etiquette of Mexico, while the ladies found themselves, greatly to their chagrin, without appropriate costumes for the many splendid entertainments given in their honor, and either appeared among the beautifully gowned Mexican and Latin-American women inappropriately attired or absented themselves from social functions while they wired home for clothes. This was inexcusable and humiliating. Yet we pursue the even tenor of our way, calmly indifferent to the social importance of Mexico, and it is said in the capital that similar lapses on the part of Americans have recently occurred there. If we proceed in this way, it will appear that, if indeed Americans possess tact at all, it is of the peculiar sort defined by the boy who said, "Tact is making up your mind to do a thing, and then going ahead and doing it."

It is the large parties of American tourists that have perhaps retarded most the development of the international friendship, while doubtless they have stimulated business relations. Tourists *en masse* seem dominated by a mob psychology which gains intensity with every added day of freedom from the conventions of their accustomed lives. At home they probably are average Americans of industrious habits and discreet behavior. Once on Mexican soil, they cast prudence to the winds, and not only flaunt their misnamed American independence in the teeth of Mexican proprieties, but conduct themselves in a manner they never would indulge in at home, and that would not be tolerated, in any event. Yet these are not evil-hearted people. They are inconsiderate people, and the fault is aggravated by its display in a land where considerateness amounts to a religion. American tourists romp and play unre-

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strainedly on Mexico's streets and dance on the plazas during the concerts by military bands, when promenading alone is permissible. Yet we do not dance in our parks unless dancing is especially provided for, and if we saw a large group of foreigners doing so we should think they were quite mad. A most unfortunate mistake is that of wearing articles of *peon* attire, no matter how picturesque, as the huge straw sombrero, or the gaudy sash which the *peon* employs to keep his trousers in place. This practice, which is general with American tourists, is as incomprehensible to Mexicans as would be to us the spectacle of a party of foreigners, apparently ladies and gentlemen, displaying over their own apparel the blue blouse of a mechanic and strolling along Fifth Avenue. This we must freely admit is not done even in this land of liberty and equality. It seems unpardonable for Americans, while touring Mexico, to walk unbidden into the homes of the people, even the poorest, and notwithstanding their possible interest in sociological research. It surely is more unpardonable to invade the churches during the celebration of religious services. And, while this is done constantly, I am convinced that it is done thoughtlessly, and that, if you should ask these same Americans how they would feel if strangers swarmed through their own churches suddenly, like locusts, and as suddenly swarmed out again, they would stare aghast at the mere suggestion. It must be confessed that this offense is sometimes due to a greedy and irreverent *cicerone*, intent only on his fee; but are enlightened Americans, pray, to be led into deeds of violence by an unscrupulous guide? The natural impulse, seeing a congregation of people on their knees, would seem either to join them or quietly to withdraw.

It has been noted that commercially we lead the van with Mexico, yet, with the advantages of our close proximity and the easy communication by land and sea, we should far exceed our present achievement, and might easily do so with the aid of a trifle more of forethought and preparation. Stories are current of Americans who, through their indiscretion, have lost large contracts which had practically been closed; of one who was overexacting in credit matters with a firm of international repute for probity, whereupon the order was withdrawn and given to a German house; of another who, after securing municipal work for a whole city, indulged in a contemptuous remark which was overheard by an official, with the result that he lost the order before the contracts had been signed. American houses desiring relations with Mexico would do well to send their young men into the country for a year or more to learn the language and the ways of the Mexican business world.

There is a word typifying an attribute of Mexican psychology which is all-pervasive and of transcendental importance, yet elusive, like all psychology, and hard to analyze. The word is *simpatico*, and in its primitive sense it means agreeable; but it really means much more, for the Mexicans, being excessively human and responsive to the human in others, are forever penetrating beneath the mask of convention and getting at the spirit. Spirit, motive, actuating principle—call it what you will—you feel it is always subject to the searching scrutiny of Mexico. So, in addition to being merely agreeable, one must be also sincere to deserve this qualification, than which none is more desirable. So rich is Spanish, there are endless complimentary terms available, and Mexicans make fine distinctions in describing persons as handsome, gracious, elegant, distinguished, charming, enchanting even, still withholding this crowning tribute which they as readily bestow on one who, lacking all the other graces, is kindly of manner and true of heart. I have dwelt upon this word and its significance, for the quality it describes is the touchstone, and its potency is never questioned. It wins where money alone would fail, and its possessor is *persona grata* with high and low alike. Even now, in trying to analyze it, I feel that its essence has eluded me, but I have lived enough in Mexico to sense it as the *sine qua non* of existence there.

It is sufficiently plain by now that this article is not a critique of Mexico so much as an appreciation; and, owing to a pronounced human tendency, the former would be superfluous, at least for those who will see the country for themselves. I would earnestly advise those about to visit

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Mexico to read her history, beginning with what was perhaps the most remarkable conquest ever achieved, and embracing a series of picturesque, tragic, and heroic events unsurpassed in all the world. Then, too, there are excellent guide-books giving both particular and general information about history, government, physical and industrial conditions, architecture, and the varied advice so indispensable to the traveler.

A knowledge of Spanish adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of Mexico, and is of course essential for residence there; not the lame, halting pretense so common among Americans, but a fluent use of the language which would make possible not only some share in the social life of the country but also some knowledge of Spanish and Mexican art and literature. We think it unpardonable for foreigners to remain long in the United States without learning English, and the truth is that few do so. The Americans in Mexico should form clubs or classes for the exclusive study of Spanish. The consequences of such an effort would doubtless be happy in the extreme. It is frequently remarked that the American residents of Mexico City, who form a large and growing colony, have slight social intercourse with the Mexicans; and, while this is true, it need not necessarily continue so. There is no tie like a common language, and if Americans will be as assiduous in acquiring Spanish as are the Mexicans in learning English, there will exist a double linguistic bond. A brilliant young member of Mexico's diplomatic corps, who took his post-graduate course at Columbia University, and, being fond of the United States and of Americans, is desirous of promoting amicable relations between his people and our own, expressed recently the opinion that the time is ripe for a more cosmopolitan life in Mexico's capital, which shall include all the foreign coteries. Perhaps with him, as with the writer, the wish is father to the thought.

A certain prominent American whose dictum has weight in artistic and professional circles, after a leisurely tour of the globe, made the assertion that, with the exception of nice Americans, the Mexicans are the nicest people in the world. While I confess considerable partiality for the Mexicans, I must also confess extreme optimism concerning all peoples. Experience confirms this, and in whatever land, among whatever people, I recognize the oneness in fundamentals of human passion and experience. Love and hate, truth and falseness, bravery and fear, egotism and self-sacrifice, are everywhere. But everywhere, too, is the persistent struggle for good, and everywhere it is gaining. The barriers between peoples are the externals imposed by tradition and custom. Once they are down, a common humanity rushes in. Americans in Mexico, while contributing so much in a material way, may crown their achievement by constantly endeavoring to promote true friendliness with the Mexican people. Their chief requisites will be tact—not of the sort previously defined by the American boy—and a sufficient command of Spanish to express for the country of their adoption that fondness, as real as it is inevitable, for the land that offers the boundless opportunity, the inexhaustible kindness, of Mexico.

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GLADSTONE'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN

It is somewhat curious and certainly significant that so little should have been given to the public concerning the home life of one who lived as much before the public as did William Ewart Gladstone. John Morley's official Life, in three volumes, tells us almost nothing of Mr. Gladstone at home. There is the same significant omission in George Barnett Smith's biography of Gladstone and in the more interesting, if more journalistic, volume of Justin McCarthy. The best single picture of Mr. Gladstone at home that has fallen under our eye is in the unpretentious and entertaining volume by George W. E. Russell; and this is taken by permission from the pages of the "Daily Graphic," and, interesting and vivid as it is, gives no account of his family or his family life. The same thing may be said of the chapters on Mr. Gladstone at home in Mr. Ritchie's "Anecdotal Biography." This silence is the more significant since, of his eight children, four became in a sense public characters. Of those to whom the letters below were written in their childhood and youth, Herbert became member of Parliament in 1880, has remained active in English public life, and has been Secretary of State for Home Affairs since 1905; Stephen E. became, and we believe still is, rector of Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's country home; and Helen, the youngest daughter, became Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge. We have called this reticence significant. It signifies the strong purpose of Mr. Gladstone to keep his private life truly private. Our reading in Gladstone literature leads us to believe that more of Mr. Gladstone's innermost character is revealed in the two volumes of his "Ecclesiastical and Religious Correspondence," recently published by the Macmillan Company, than in any of his biographies; and we are quite sure that more is revealed of his temperament and disposition in the letters to his children than in any other of the letters. We believe that admirers of Mr. Gladstone will find them valuable for that reason; and we hope that the more thoughtful among our younger readers will find them useful as practical counsels in life. We print them here as they are printed in the volume from which, with the permission of the publisher, we have taken them, without note or comment, because they are in all cases sufficiently self-explanatory. We make one exception by saying, apropos of the first letter, that we do not believe in the wisdom of self-examination as a habit even for adults, still less for a child of seven. We think it is better for us to leave One who knows us better than we know ourselves to make the examination, as the Psalmist did: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

THE LETTERS[1]

ON SELF-EXAMINATION

(To W. H. Gladstone)

Fasque,
Sunday, August 29, 1847.

My beloved Willie,

You are now a little more than seven years old, and are more able to think on what you are, and on what you do, than when you were a very little child. You must therefore try to render a more strict account to God; must pray for more and more of his grace; and must try harder to be like the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love Him with all your heart.

To help you so far as I may in this, I wish to see you from henceforth every Sunday morning (at the time at which on other mornings you come for lessons), that you may then look back upon the past week, consider whether you have advanced in goodness during its course, and whether you have committed sins of which you have not before that time repented; and to try to know, to confess and to repent them, and pray for pardon.

In this, and in all things may your Father in heaven bless you and make you more and more His beloved and loving child. Amen.

SECRET OF SUCCESS

(To W. H. Gladstone)

October 18, 1853.

If we never labour earnestly except for or with pleasure in the act, we cannot come to much good. What really tries our mettle, both as men and as Christians, is to labour resolutely, when duty calls us, at what we do not like, and by doing this, with the help of God, we acquire not only mastery over the thing we are about, but,

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what is still more important, a thorough command over ourselves.

ON WISE SPENDING OF TIME

(To W. H. Gladstone)

April 22, 1855.

The divisions of money necessary in order either to the use or even the waste of it give us without any trouble upon our own part some sense of the relative quantities of it. But the more precious gift of our time is passing through our hands in a continuous and never-ending flow, and its parts are not separated from one another except by our own care. Without this division of it into parts we cannot tell what is little and what is much; above all, we cannot apply it in due proportion to our several duties, pursuits, and recreations. But we should deal with our *time* as we see in a shop a grocer deal with tea and sugar, or a haberdasher with stuffs and ribands: weighing or measuring it out in proportions adjusted to that which we are to get for and by it. This is the express command of St. Paul, who bids us ἐξαγοράζεσθαι τὸν καιρὸν, imperfectly rendered by our version to "redeem the time:" for it means to make merchandise of it, and to deal strictly with it as men deal with goods by which they mean to make a profit, to pursue the same means they pursue—energy, care, watchfulness, forethought, attention to small things—in order that we, too, may make that profit the greatest possible.

ON GRATITUDE

(To W. H. Gladstone)

February 17, 1856.

Beware of taking kindnesses from others as matters of course.

The heart well purged by humility is so deeply conscious of its unworthiness, that to receive acts of kindness always excites some emotion of gratitude, of shame, of surprise, or all three together—of gratitude for the benefit, of shame upon thinking how ill it is deserved, of surprise that our brethren should bestow upon us what we so little merit.

A WORLD OF WORK

(To W. H. Gladstone)

March 12, 1856.

Try and reconcile your mind thoroughly to the idea that this world, if we would be well and do well in it, is a world of work and not of idleness. This idea will, when heartily embraced, become like a part of yourself, and you will feel that you would on no account have it torn from you.

ESTIMATE OF BUTLER

(To W. H. Gladstone)

August 1, 1860.

I cannot say what value I attach to Bishop Butler's works. Viewing him as a guide of life, especially for the intellectual difficulties and temptations of these times, I place him before almost any other author. The *spirit* of wisdom is in every line.

ESTIMATE OF ARISTOTLE

(To W. H. Gladstone)

October 18, 1860.

In my opinion the "Politics" of Aristotle are much more adapted for discipline to the mind of the young, and especially to your mind, than the "Republic" of Plato. The merit of Plato's philosophy is in a quasi-spiritual and highly imaginative element that runs through it; Aristotle deals in a most sharp, searching, and faithful analysis of the facts of human life and human nature. All the reasons that have bound Aristotle so wonderfully to Oxford should, I think, recommend him to you. Were I to determine your study, I should say, Take for the present time some lighter specimen of Plato, and nothing more. . . . The "Politics" will require much from you in thought and energy: I *think* the "Republic" would be lighter as well as less valuable work. . . .

LIFE FULL OF OPPORTUNITIES

(To W. H. Gladstone)

June 2, 1861.

. . . As you grow older you will find more and more how full the world and our life are of opportunity, and how impossible it is that, unless by our own fault, they should seem to present a blank. The real discouragement of life is in our insufficiency for the duties that crowd in on every side, and are still crying out, as it were, that they remain undone. But the consoling and powerful remedy is that nothing is asked of us beyond our power, and that, if more is offered than we can do, it is by way of gracious help to exercise our energies, and so to raise them to the best and highest state of which they are capable. . . .

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COMPROMISE NECESSARY

(To W. H. Gladstone)

Easter Day, April 16, 1865.

. . . It is sometimes necessary in politics to make surrender of what, if not surrendered, will be wrested from us. And it is very wise, when a necessity of this kind is approaching, to anticipate it while it is yet a good way off; for then concession begets gratitude, and often brings a return. The *kind* of concession which is really mischievous is just that which is made under terror and extreme pressure; and, unhappily, this has been the kind of concession which for near 200 years it has been the fashion of those who call (and who really think) themselves "friends of the Church" (a strange phrase) to make.

PREPARING FOR EXAMINATION

(To S. E. Gladstone—at Oxford)

July 17, 1866.

As regards the prospects of your examination, you do well not to let your mind rest on anything beyond what may lie fairly within your reach. To think little of results, and to work much for them, taken together, make a good rule. Something much more important than the apparent result is in this case involved, and that is the real one, which is to be traced in the state of mind, faculties, and character. . . .

The positive teaching of the best Christian philosophers is that which gives the mind the most effective equipment, and in proportion as this equipment grows more and more effective you will find yourself able to deal more easily, as well as more extensively, with particular subjects. Numberless, it seems to me, are the cases of doubt, distress, and error from which people would be saved beforehand if they had but a good preparation of the mind. But they go unarmed into the battle. For of arms the best and the *most* important are not those supplied by particular information on each contested subject, but a full possession of the principles and modes of thought by which all subjects ought to be determined.

VALUE OF FAITH IN TIME OF STRAIN

(To S. E. Gladstone)

June 9, 1867.

Christianity is under strain; but it is like the strain of the good ship in the roaring sea, as it leaps from wave to wave. The immense changes in all departments of life and knowledge put faith on its trial, and apply more stress to that chain which links us to the unseen world. But these are just the very circumstances to call out the high and noble emotions of a devoted service. I admit that for the half-and-half clergyman it will be an evil time. But your nature is earnest, solid, and affectionate; and my belief is that, though you may modestly look with apprehension on the first touching of the Ark, you would with every year of experience become more and more closely attached to your profession.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

(To S. E. Gladstone)

May 26, 1868.

I may so far refer to my own experience as to say that, during all my early years, my heart was set on my being a clergyman, that only my father's wish turned me away from it, and that my mind has worked incessantly on the subjects which have tried you. And the upshot is, that it seems to me to be the especial work of sound reason in these times, receiving that light of Divine grace to which you refer so justly, to aim sedulously at discrimination between the permanent and the transitory in matters of religious belief, or between belief properly so called, and the mere opinions which, according the bias or the supposed needs of each age, tend to gather round it. Of these latter there has been a great shaking in our times; and many have done no more and no better than to substitute a new set of mere opinions for the old—some in one direction, and some in another. But the foundation of the Lord standeth sure; He will find instruments for His work, in His time, and happy are we if we are among them, as I feel a good hope you will be. . . .

FRIEND OF HIS CHILDREN

(To the Rev. S. E. Gladstone)

August 14, 1872.

It has been a great pleasure to me in this important matter that you have let me deal with you as a friend, in perfect freedom, and it is thus that I should always desire and hope to deal with my children. It imposes a special obligation

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to look fairly at the case, and not with a foregone conclusion. So looking at it I find it grow clearer.

COUNSEL TO BOY ENTERING SCHOOL

(To H. N. Gladstone—at Eton)

September 24, 1864.

It was a capital plan by which Willy got you into the same room with Arthur Lyttelton; and on the whole I feel that you make your start at Eton—the greatest event in your life since, as an infant, you were baptized—under very favorable circumstances. Your progress in knowledge pleased me much, and, what is more, it, I think, pleased Mr. Eminson. If any time you feel difficulty, remember that if all things were easy we never should gain strength by practice in them: difficulty is, in truth, the mother of improvement. If anything happens at any time to grieve and dishearten you, remember that such incidents of life do not come by chance; that they are intended by our Father in heaven to form in us a temper of trust, resignation, and fortitude; and, if they begin early, it is that we may early grow stout to encounter the ruder shocks which come in after-life. But I hope and think your Eton life will be both a good and a happy life. You will like the place, the buildings, the playing fields, all the associations of Eton: you will find good schoolfellows and friends, but you must exercise a choice. . . . Make God your friend, and remember that there is not a whisper addressed to Him which He will not hear and answer. . . .

PREPARATION FOR CONFIRMATION

(To H. N. Gladstone)

March 27, 1868.

I am much concerned that my duties here should be so pressing at this moment as to prevent my going down to Eton tomorrow and joining my prayers to your dear mother's that the grace of God may abundantly descend upon you, both in the holy ordinance of Confirmation, and afterwards through all the days of your life. I shall do my best to recollect you from hence; and among other satisfactions I am truly glad that you should be confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford, who far exceeds all the prelates I have ever heard in the wise and devout impressiveness of his administration of that particular rite.

But I look most to what lies within your own breast. It is in the preparation of the heart that the surest promise as to this and every other ordinance is to be found: in the humility and self-mistrust, in the continually looking up to God, the silent prayer of the soul, for help and strength, in the manful resolution, resting on the hope of His aid, to follow right, conscience, honour, duty, truth, holiness, "through all the changes and chances of this mortal life," and whether others will walk with us or whether they will not.

HOW TO TRANSLATE

(To Miss Agnes Gladstone)

October 4, 1858.

. . . I doubt whether it is well for you to translate from French rather than from English. I think Telemachus not a very good book for the purpose; an historical book would be better, and brief dialogue better than either, and would give more profit with less labour. But further, I think you might do best at present (if Miss Syfert is of the same opinion) to get a further command of translating Italian into English, as well as English into Italian. The benefit of these things is not in substituting one word for another, but in learning how to change the idiom or peculiar form of one language into another.

Be on your guard against introducing the *passive* frequently into Italian. And always consider your sentence as a whole before you begin it, and think in what form it will be most like a sentence of original Italian. . . .

A BIRTHDAY LETTER

(To Miss Helen Gladstone)

August 26, 1870.

Although your coming of age to-morrow is not the subject of glittering celebrations, it is an event much noted in the hearts of your parents, and I am sure that the accomplishment of another year will come to you attended with a sense of deeper thankfulness to God at a period like this, when so many, who count no more days than you, are biting and to bite the dust. May every blessing attend you, and never forget that our blessings depend under God upon ourselves, and that none

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of them, which come from without, can be effectual unless as the appendages of those which come from within; nor is any life worth living that has not a purpose, or that is not devoted from day to day to its accomplishment. Even in the humblest sphere, and where it has not pleased God to give powers adequate to more than very humble duties, this is an undoubted truth; and many lives, of which the range is small, are among the happiest and best, because they are most steadily and most completely given to their appointed purpose. But we see in the Parables that our Lord takes as His examples of faithfulness those who are entrusted with a larger store. God has been liberal to you in capacity, and I trust you will render it all back to Him in good works done to your fellow-creatures, in the cultivation of your own mind, and in bringing your whole heart and life into conformity with the blessed Pattern given us. . . .

POLITICAL ECONOMY

(To Miss Helen Gladstone)

April 14, 1877.

I am not surprised at your troubles in Political Economy. I would, however, advise your trying Adam Smith, who is very pleasant reading, and who, as far as I can recollect, is *all right* except on Rent and the Navigation Laws. I have already told you that I am at some loss to comprehend his being thrust aside in favour of John Mill as Text-book.

ON ENTERING SCHOOL

(To his Grandson Edward Wickham)

May 1, 1892.

My dear Edward,

I said to you a word of good wishes and good will: but I should like to write it also. For the day of your going to school is the first great one marked in your life. I think your life has begun well; I hope and pray it may continue well.

Let me give you this earnest injunction; strive hard to do your best in everything. Every boy's best is really good in something: and by honest trying he will soon find it out, and will take real pleasure in it, and will be of use to others and himself, and will never fail to ask God's blessing upon it and upon all he does.

In all our acts, there is no such safeguard as to do them with a sense that they are done in the presence of God, and done to fulfil His will concerning us. Difficulties, taunts, and failures, then come to mean but little to us, except as lessons how to do better, how to try harder, and then they are very helpful: our failures often are our best successes.

But I must not make my little sermon too long, so I only further write, God bless you!

THE COMMONPLACE

BY BLANCHE GOODMAN

God bless the commonplace! We strain and fret
  Through wearisome and unproductive days,
  Striving to carve new destinies, or blaze
A trail through unaccustomed lands. We let
The feverish years possess us, and forget,
  In our tense seeking for untrodden ways,
  The common heritage, nor care to raise
Altars to dear, familiar things—and yet

When shadows lengthen and the busy hum
  Of Life falls faintly on half-hearing ears,
With vision dimmed and feeble step we come
  Back to the homely joys of bygone years—
Love and a hearthstone and a dear worn face,
  And through our tears we bless the commonplace!

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A PLAYGROUND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

BY A. B.

IT made me quite unhappy when the little house across the alley was torn down—it had been such an interesting little house. In the early days it was the home of Douglas, the only home he had ever owned—a low, rambling, one-storied house surrounded by an apple orchard. The old trees of this orchard blossomed and bore fruit many years after Douglas died, the last one going down in full bloom, with colors flying, in the great storm of '94.

When we first knew the little house, Leonard Volk, the sculptor, lived in it, and in the low, shed-like building marked "Studio" he molded the statue of Douglas, which was to adorn the little park adjacent, and the allegorical figures for the four corners of the monument, "Justice," "Eloquence," "History," and "Illinois." My washwoman once asked if they were Stephen Douglas's four wives!

After Mr. Volk's death the house for some time stood empty, and then there came to it a very interesting tenant, a woman who held a high official position in the Daughters of— I cannot remember the exact title, but a society of much influence. She was writing a paper called "The Vesta Circle; or, The Humanities of the Hearth Fire." She felt that every home should be the center of an educational influence, and had given much time to what she called "Alcove Studies." She thought that great good might be done with corners; that the furnishing of corners was neglected. This house gave large scope for the expression of her idea. The parlor especially, being irregularly built, had many corners, and she made each represent a different nation, by flags, shields, and emblems. One made a journey round the world in the circuit of that little parlor. The arts flourished in the dining-room, with palettes, brushes, plaster casts, and musical instruments; while the sciences were scattered everywhere. History, too, held a large place. I remember a statue of Julius Cæsar and a bust of Napoleon, but for some occult reason they were draped with American flags. The center of each room was homelike and comfortable, but the corners were full. This philanthropist after a time went to a home of her own in the country, and for several years the house was unoccupied.

Finally there came to it a workingman with a little family. He must have been a carpenter, for every Saturday afternoon, and on moonlight nights and in the early dawn of the morning, we would hear the sound of the hammer and the saw, and curious excrescences came out like fungi on the little house—a closet from the kitchen, a bay-window from the parlor, and a rude glass room overhanging the street, where the children played the drama of childhood in the eye of the world. It was a beautiful old age for the little house. The spirit of youth informed it, smiled from the windows, and opened the sagging doors to joy.

But not for long. In a day the house disappeared, leaving nothing but the remnant of a chimney and a ghastly hole in the ground. In the chimney was the fireplace, this intimate, sanctified center of the home, ruthlessly exposed to the gaze of every passer-by.

For two years I lived with this depressing thing in view, when suddenly, on a bright spring day, I had an inspiration. I saw in a moment how all my sentiment in regard to this place might find expression; how the ideals of Douglas and the artist and the Daughter of the Corners and the carpenter and his children might be realized. The outgrowth and blossoming of all that had gone before would be a Playground for Little Children.

From the beginning I met sympathy and co-operation. The real estate agent assured me that the place was mine until it was sold. The Associated Charities sent me two men who were to be paid each a dollar a day to tear down the chimney, fill up the hole, and level the ground. One of the men was a practical farmer who had sold his farm for three thousand dollars and come to Chicago to

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make a fortune in trade. Trade is a curious thing. Mr. Armour, the elder, divided the world into two classes—traders and men who are not traders. This man was not a trader. In two years his money had gone to the other man who was a trader, and he was working for a dollar a day. He was very sympathetic in regard to the flower-bed which he made on three sides along the fence, and in which he planted wild cucumber vines, balsams, sunflowers, goldenglow, and nasturtiums. These flower-beds made water a necessity, and I sent for a plumber. He found the pipes badly broken underground, and much work for his men and himself. I trembled in anticipation of the bill, but he was a deacon in a near-by church, and knew the children of the neighborhood. Mr. Lowell says that all deacons are good, but there is odds in deacons. This was surely a good deacon, for his bill was only a dollar and a half!

One of the men interested in the experiment was the owner of the water-cart that sprinkles the alley. He came to see me, and said he would order the driver to go close to the fence, so that the flower-beds would be thoroughly sprinkled every day.

I knew that the chief expense would be for lumber and carpenter work to inclose the sand-pile, repair the fence, put up the supports for the swings, and make the teeters. I sent for Mr. Murphy, who works at the baseball park, and whose interest in the joy of life is continually revived, and told him my wishes. He responded with enthusiasm, but, to my surprise, his enthusiasm was not for the children, but for *me!* "You will have such a good time!" I tried again and again to interest him in the children, but he always came back to his first thought, of what a good time I was going to have. He bought all the lumber, did the work, made fine strong uprights for the swings, three teeters, a little rest-house for the parents, and inclosed the sand-pile. His bill for everything was $47.50. I bought a slide, and sand, and had a little merry-go-round given me. My painter made and gave me a sign, "A Playground for Little Children," which was nailed on the middle upright of the swing.

One fine May morning the last load of clean sand was drawn in, the swings were hung, the bench for parents was placed in the rest-house, the teeter-boards were carefully balanced, and the Playground was ready and waiting for the children. Would they come? Who would tell them? Who did tell them? I never knew. But as soon as school was closed that afternoon there they were, a wild, struggling mob of a hundred children, fighting for their pleasures. I was appalled! I had never imagined such a scene. In ten days the iron rings of the swing were worn through, and fresh sand was needed for the sand-piles, and, most discouraging of all, the neighbors complained of the noise. I began to fear that I had undertaken more than I could carry through. But gradually things adjusted themselves. The big boys learned that the playground was for little children, and begged for one of their own, with ladders and rings, and big enough for ball. They had no place to go, they said. The streets were full of automobiles. Why couldn't some place be found for them? This unanswerable question was the darkest side of my summer's experience; otherwise it was a happy one. The children have never been interfered with or managed in any way. If they have learned anything of the ethics of play, it has been from experience and from one another. I have not been known to many of them even by sight. One little boy did come to the fence one day and ask if he might bring his dog to the playground—he was "such a friendly dog"—and wouldn't I see him go down the slide? He proved to be a very friendly dog of a beautiful brown color, and with the kindest and most intelligent eyes. He became a feature of the playground, and went down the slide and on the merry-go-round, taking his turn like the perfect gentleman of a dog that he was.

One thing that specially impressed and encouraged me was the fact that not a flower was picked or a vine disturbed through the summer, and, though the teeter-boards were unattached and could easily have been carried off, they were always found in their place.

Another thing was the cost. The merry-go-round was a gift; otherwise

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everything was paid for, and the entire expense was a little less than a hundred dollars.

And now the summer is over, the flowers are faded, the vines withered and brown. No parent sits in the rest-house, the cold sand-pile is neglected, and the swings, slide, and merry-go-round are stored away. What will become of my little children crowded into tenements through the winter?

Mr. Murphy has proposed a toboggan slide and is at work on the estimates, not for the joy it will be to the children, but for the joy it will be to me! To this carpenter has come in some way the truth that Miss Addams presents in her "Spirit of Youth"—that it is the function of childhood to affirm the value and charm of life; that as years press hard upon us and sorrows encompass us, we must look to youth for its message of hope, for that entrance into the kingdom of heaven which is its inheritance. Receiving a little child we may, in some beautiful way, receive the Highest.

A RELIGIOUS ROMANTICIST

BY KUNO FRANCKE

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MORE and more the fact is coming to be recognized that the Middle Ages was not a time essentially different in its ideals of life from those of the modern era; that it was not a time in which individuality was something unknown; that the intellectual and emotional life of the mediæval man was by no means hide-bound; that self-assertion, personal aspiration, the striving for fullness of experience, for the rounding out of the soul, were things quite as highly valued in the twelfth century as they are to-day; and that in mediæval literature and art the striving for complete expression of personality played quite as important a part as it does to-day. The Renaissance, in other words, was not something essentially new and radically opposed to the spirit of the Middle Ages, but was rather the climax and final turning-point of the mediæval development itself. One need only to think of the richness of human motives in the wonderful sculptures of Chartres, Rheims, or Naumburg, or the complicated characters represented in such poems as "Parsival" or "Tristan," in order to realize something of the wealth of personal experience that was open to the mediæval man.

I wish to speak of a German mystic of the fourteenth century who represents in a striking manner this wealth of individual feeling that so often throbbed under the rigid exterior of mediæval formalism, Heinrich Suso, perhaps the most pronounced and certainly the most artistic personality among his fellow-theosophists. And I shall point to the peculiar affinity of this mediæval mystic with modern romanticism, especially the tendency of romantic literature to oscillate between the extremes of symbolism and naturalism.

The dwelling together of these two extremes in particularly refined and particularly intense individuals is nothing incidental. It is founded on the inner affinity between symbolism and naturalism, on their both springing from the common root of an unusually high-strung subjectivity. All truly artistic grasp of life comes from within. The symbolist finds the essence of things in his own inner self. He gives himself over to the throng of shapes and images that arise before him from within; he sees in them the true reality. The tangible and visible he replaces by a world of his own vision, a world of higher, finer, more spiritual values. On the other hand, the naturalistic artist, in so far as he is an artist, is likewise far from being a mere imitator of outward reality. He feels that the

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whole variety of the outer world, small things and great, the high and the low, the common and the extraordinary, are streaming forth from one mighty source of life, one immanent spirit. He feels akin to this creative spirit, he feels the impulse to create like him. His art, therefore, although seemingly objective, is, like that of the symbolist, the expression of his own sensitiveness and receptivity, of his deep feeling for the inner life of things; it is, in other words, like that of the symbolist, the product of his own high-pitched subjectivity.

In the few greatest artists of all ages, in a Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, these two diverging but kindred tendencies, the symbolistic and the naturalistic, are melted together into an indissoluble unity. In less harmonious, more erratic personalities, such as Amadeus Hoffmann, Poe, Ibsen, Hauptmann, there is, instead of this unity of contrasting elements, a constant clash between them, a continuous oscillation between extravagant symbolism, on the one hand, and inexorable naturalism, on the other. It is to these personalities that the Dominican Heinrich Suso belongs.

In him the emotional tension of German mysticism reaches its climax. The whole strife of a time torn by tremendous conflicts seems to vibrate sympathetically in his soul. It seems as though large and wide-reaching popular disturbances—the struggle between Empire and Papacy, the revolution of the guilds against the city patriciate, the religious reform movements of the "Friends of God" and similar sects, the horrors of the Great Plague, the cruelties of Jew-baiting, the fanaticism of the Flagellants—as though all this was crowding in upon the contemplative mind of this solitary monk, setting in motion its innermost chords and calling forth therefrom sounds of dark passion and fierce power and then again of sweetest purity and transcendent beauty.

With what knightly courteousness and grace does he, the scion of a patrician family of Constance, describe the chivalric love service which he offers to his chosen one, Eternal Wisdom, in his cloister cell. "As in Swabia," thus he narrates in his autobiography, "the young men at New Year ask for a favor from their sweethearts, so he also on New Year's night turned to his love. Before daybreak he stepped in front of the image where the divine mother holds her lovely child, Eternal Wisdom, on her lap and presses it to her bosom, and he knelt down and began to sing a sequence to the mother, praying that she permit him to receive a wreath from her child, and he was so deeply stirred that the hot tears welled forth from his eyes. And then he turned to Eternal Wisdom, bowed down to the ground, and greeted his love and spake: 'Thou, dearest, art my Easter day, my heart's summer delight, my joyous hour. Thou art the sweetheart whom alone my soul is wooing and craving and for whom it scorns all other loves. Oh, reward me this night, and let me win a wreath from you.'"

He invites Eternal Wisdom as a guest to his table, and offers her bread and fruit. He sees her in manifold forms. "She hovered," he says, "high above him on a throne of clouds, she twinkled like the morning star and shone like the sun. Her crown was Eternity, her garment was Bliss, her mantle all Joys' Fulfillment. She was far and near, high and low, she was present and yet hidden. She reached above the highest of the heavens and touched the deepest of the earth's abysses. At one moment she appeared as a beautiful maiden, and then suddenly changed into a proud squire. She inclined herself toward him and greeted him kindly and spake lovingly: *Præbe, fili, cor tuum mihi.*"

All this sounds like an echo of chivalric Minnesong. How little, however, these feelings had, after all, to do with courtly love, from what a cruelly harsh and hideous reality these ethereal visions came forth, is proved by the narrative of revolting naturalism in which Suso describes the fearful chastisements by which he tried to subdue his rebellious body. "He had himself made an undergarment of haircloth, and in the garment straps in which there were inserted fifty and a hundred pointed nails, made of brass and filed sharp on the point, and the points of the nails were turned against his flesh. And he made the garment tight and held together in front, in order that the nails

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should penetrate the flesh, and he made it so high that it came close up to his face. Herein he slept at night. In summer nights, when it was hot and he was tired from walking and ill, or when he had bled himself and he lay exhausted and the vermin pestered him, he would betimes feel as though he were lying in an ant-heap and would weep and gnash his teeth and say: 'Good God, what kind of death is this! Whom murderers kill or the wild beasts, he is done with it quickly. But I am lying here among this horrible vermin and am dying and yet cannot die.'" And with a similar delight in the repellent, with a similarly gruesome naturalism, he makes Christ describe the horrible disfigurements of his body which he suffered when hanging on the cross. "My right hand was pierced by nails, my left hand was hammered through. My right arm was stretched out of joint, my left arm was drawn out of shape. My right foot was sore with open wounds and my left foot was cruelly mangled. I hung in faintness and exhaustion of all my limbs. The blood was breaking forth from all over my body, making it a gory mass and a horrible sight. I was covered with sores and ulcers."

In the ecstasy of enthusiasm Suso often loses control of himself. He would melt away in rapture when Eternal Wisdom initiates him into the mysteries of the Transubstantiation. Like a mediæval Werther, he would embrace this Universe with the arms of love when singing in Holy Mass the *Sursum Corda*. "I set before my inner eyes myself in all my being, with body, soul, and all my faculties, and placed around myself all creatures which God ever created, in heaven, on earth, and in all the elements: the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, the fishes of the water, the leaves and the grass of the land, and the countless sand of the sea, and thereto all the little dust flakes which shine in the rays of the sun, and all the little water drops which ever fell or fall from dew, snow, or rain—and wished that each of all these things had a sweetly swelling sound of harps, well prepared from the innermost essence of my heart, so that there would rise up from them a new jubilant hymn of praise to the beloved, gentle God from evermore to evermore. And then the longing arms of my soul spread out toward the countless beings of all creation, exhorting and inciting them even as a zealous precentor incites his fellow-singers to sing joyfully and to offer up their hearts to God: *Sursum Corda*."

This same man, however, experiences all the different matter-of-fact episodes of his life with such an intensity and relates these episodes with such a power and precision of actual observation that they impress the modern reader as scenes of present-day life and often make one hold one's breath from excitement. Some of these scenes stand before us with a truly marvelous distinctness. How a little girl accuses Suso of having stolen a crucifix, and thereby incites a great tumult against him in the town; how in another village he is accused of having poisoned the wells, and barely escapes death at the hand of the raging mob that has gathered there for the fair; how his sister runs away from the nunnery, and thereby plunges him into the depths of despair until he succeeds in leading her back to her vow; how a lewd woman whom he had tried to convert charges him with being the father of her child and succeeds for a time in making his name despised and rejected—these and similar happenings are told in a manner reminding one of Zola or Tolstoy.

One of the most drastic of these scenes is a meeting of Suso with a murderer on the banks of the Rhine. Suso, being on his way home from a preaching tour in the Netherlands, comes one day to the edge of a forest which he dreads to enter. "For," he says, "the forest was large and fearful, since many people have been murdered in it. He stood still and waited. Thereupon two people came along, walking fast, one of them being a fair young woman, the other a tall gruesome man with a spit and a long jackknife, and wearing a black doublet. Suso was terrified at the fearful man's monstrous look, and he spied about whether he could see some one near by. But he saw no one, and thought by himself: 'Great God, what people are these? What will become of me, wandering all day long through this dark forest?' And he made the sign of the cross and entered, the other two following. And

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the woman stepped up to him and asked him to hear her confession, saying: 'Reverend sir, may you know that I have fared very ill. Do you see the man that is following us? He is an outright murderer, and murders the people in this forest and elsewhere, and takes their money and clothes, and spares no one. He has seduced me and taken me away from my honest friends, and I must be his wife.' Suso was frightened by these words and made dizzy, and he looked about whether he saw or heard some one near by; but he saw nor heard any one in the dark forest save the murderer coming nearer. And the woman went back to the murderer and whispered something in his ear. The murderer did not answer, but came nearer, and Suso trembled and said to himself: 'Now you are lost.'

"Now the lay of the land was this, that below the slope of the forest the Rhine was flowing, and the path was running along the slope, and the murderer managed it so that Suso had to walk on the lower side toward the Rhine, and he himself walked on the upper side toward the forest. While they were walking the murderer began to make confession to him and told of all the murders he had committed, and said: 'Once I came into this very forest bent on murder, as I am now. And I met with a reverend gentleman and made confession to him. He walked along with me as you are doing now, and when I had confessed to him I drew this knife and stabbed him and plunged him down into the Rhine.' Upon these words Suso's heart failed him, cold perspiration stood on his forehead, he was waiting for the knife to be stabbed into him, he lost his senses and fell. But the woman ran up to him and held him, and the murderer said: 'I have heard good report of you, and I shall not kill you. Pray to God that he may be merciful to my poor soul on your account.'"

Two scenes of an imaginary character may conclude this brief sketch of Suso's artistic individuality, scenes which again show his romantic swinging to and fro between light and dark, between aerial visions and earthly actuality; his description of the delights of heaven and the horrors of death.

No painter of the Cologne school has represented the idyllic bliss of heaven with more delicate and rosy colors than Suso. "Look upon the beautiful heavenly heath: here summer's delight, here May's festive meadow, here the vale of true bliss. Here you see joyful glances go from love to love; here harping and fiddling; here singing, dancing, and ever rejoicing; here all wishes' fulfillment; here love without sorrow, in everlasting security. Now look upon the countless multitude, how they drink from the welling fountain of living waters; how they gaze upon the clear pure mirror of the Godhead in which all things become known to them. Steal still farther forward and look, how the glorious Queen of the heavenly land, clad in joy and dignity, hovers above all the heavenly host, how the divine mother of mercy turns her eyes, her mild, merciful eyes, so benignly upon you, how her miraculous beauty gives joy and bliss to the whole heavenly host."

If we contrast with this idyllic vision the fierce, passionate wailings of a dying man whose voice Suso hears calling for help, we are indeed reminded of the contrast between the Ghent altar of the brothers van Eyck and a Last Judgment scene by Breughel. "O God in Heaven, why was I born into this world? The beginning of my life was crying and weeping, and now my leave-taking is bitter wailing and lamenting. I strike my hands over my head, I wring them feverishly, I turn my glance to all the corners of the world, whether some help or comfort may be found. But it cannot be. I am like a bird that is lying under the claws of a hawk and has lost its senses from fright. My hands begin to wither, my face to grow pallid, my eyes are breaking. Ah, the thrusts of grim Death strike my chest! I am heaving heavily, the light of this world grows dim. I am looking into the other world. Great God, what a sight! The gruesome forms of the black Moors are gathering, the hellish beasts have surrounded me, they are lying in wait for my soul. O God, I see the wild raging flames shoot up, hideous monsters pass hither and thither, like sparks in the fire. And thus I depart."

From what has been said it is obvious that the traditional view of Suso as a spirit-

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ual Minnesinger is far from being adequate. His personality was far too complicated to be a mere reflex or afterglow of the age of chivalric culture. The chords of his soul were so high-strung and vibrated so quickly that the whole fullness of life re-echoed in them. He and his compeers do not point backward to the age of chivalry, they point forward to the age of modern subjectivity.

THE STORM CENTER OF CHRISTIANITY

BY CHARLES STELZLE

IS the Protestant Church justified in deserting the downtown or so-called city mission fields, leaving, in place of well-equipped churches, poorly supported chapels and mission enterprises which are altogether inadequate to meet the situation? Before it can adopt this policy as a recognized principle of church work it must honestly face and answer several important questions.

Is the gospel that it preaches "the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth," or is its power limited to those who have moved uptown or to the suburbs? Is it a gospel which can be accepted only by the favored ones who can afford to live in comfortable homes and adequately support the church, or has it also a place in the lives of the tenement-house dwellers? If the Church sincerely believes that its gospel is a gospel simply for a class, and that class one which already possesses most of this world's good things, then it may comfort itself with the thought that there is no need of spending time and strength and money in an effort to bring what has always been called the blessing of the Gospel to the depressed. But it must be prepared to explain away the statement that Jesus himself came to preach the Gospel to the poor.

Is its gospel a universal gospel, or is it a gospel which may be understood and accepted only by the English-speaking race? If the Church believes that its gospel is adaptable to every nation, why does the Church flee when the foreigner comes in? For long years the Church has been asking God to open the door to the foreigner, so that it might give him its message. God has answered the prayer. He has opened the door, but it swings both ways. Not only may the Church go to the foreigner, but he is coming to us at the rate of a million a year, bringing his problems with him—coming, if there is any potency in prayer, because the Church has asked him to come. God has sent him so that the Church may be spared the expense of sending missionaries to him, and so that its members may help answer their own prayers. Shall it now be confessed that this gospel is good for the foreigner only when it is exported, and that it is non-effective for him in the land which is known as a Christian country?

Has the Protestant Church fulfilled its mission in the world, and shall it now be superseded by another religious system which is peculiarly adapted to meet the present situation in the city, or is its gospel adaptable to the problems which shall arise in every age? The city will inevitably dominate the Nation. If the present failure of the Protestant Church in the city continues, it does not require a prophet to foretell the logical result.

Is the message of the Church sufficient for the great social problems which confront the people in the factories and the tenements, or must they look to the leaders in social reform outside the Church for their solution? Christian people have been declaring that the Gospel of Christ is the only remedy for the social questions of the day. Are they ready honestly to apply this Gospel to the social and economic needs of the people? The tenement dwellers are waiting for the Church to answer this question, and many of those who wait are already Christians and members of the Church. It will not suffice to

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say that if the workingmen would accept Christ, the labor question would be settled. There is a spiritual salvation and there is a social salvation. There should be no distinction between the two, the latter coming as the direct result of the former. But social salvation is largely a matter of education—of "sanctification," to use the word in the sense that salvation is progressive. Most of the people in the Church have experienced the former, but comparatively few have accepted the latter—workingmen as well as capitalists. But what is the Church to do concerning these social questions? Wait until Jesus returns to earth in bodily presence so that he himself may solve them? Is the Church ready to confess that the principles which he gave and all the power and influence of Christianity are helpless and hopeless in the presence of questions which others outside the Church are facing and honestly trying to answer; or will the Church courageously attack these problems of the city, remaining with the people in their distress, and helping them solve their problems?

Is the Gospel offered by the Protestant Church superior to all other moral and religious teaching, or is it simply a religion among many other religions, any one of which, or at least most of which, are as good as Protestantism? Or, worse still, is Protestantism inferior to other religious systems in that, while the people have forsaken the faith of their fathers because they have come to the conclusion that it does not meet their needs, the Protestant Church is now afraid to offer them its Gospel because it believes that it is no better than the faith which they have rejected? It is not a question of proselyting the Catholic and the Jew. There are vast numbers of such men in city mission fields who are neither Catholic nor Jew in their religious practices, and never will be. These churches are rapidly losing their grip, especially upon the young people. It would be perfectly legitimate to offer such the Gospel of Christ as the Protestant Church understands it, because no one else has an ecclesiastical claim upon them. It would be vastly better for a dead Protestant to become a live Catholic or a Jew; just so, it would be a decided uplift for an indifferent Jew or Catholic to become an earnest Protestant.

By what system of ethics has a church organization the right to appropriate for its own use elsewhere property paid for by former members who may either have died or moved away, which property was intended for the use of the people living in the community? Who has the right to say what the original purchasers would do with the property under the changed conditions? If at least a majority of the present membership which desires to remove the church paid for it, there can be no valid objection, so far as this particular point is concerned. But even under such circumstances those who must remain in the neighborhood should receive a pro rata share of the property's value.

But ordinarily, few, if any, of the original purchasers are at present identified with the organization which desires to take the property elsewhere. To be sure, they have a legal right to the property, because they have fallen heir to it and because the property is held by the church corporation and not by the community, but it would be only fair if they should be required to pay something in the nature of an inheritance tax to the community. In practically every case the value of the property has increased since its original purchase—made more valuable by the community which paid the taxes, and *all* the taxes; for churches do not pay *any* taxes. In a very important sense the community has the right of equity in church property, and its disposition should not be left exclusively in the hands of a few church members who presume to act for the dead and the departed.

In view of the entire situation, can the Protestant Church consistently desert the most densely populated sections of our American cities, in the face of the greatest opportunity that has ever come to it in the history of home missions? The incoming foreigner and the rapidly developing social and economic problems in our great cities will test as never before, not only our democratic form of government, but also the efficiency and the sufficiency of the Protestant Church to meet these new conditions.

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THE NEW BOOKS

It seems hard for some Anglo-Saxons to become very much interested in French poetry. In French novels and romances they are frequently very much interested—indeed, they may be among the most omnivorous readers of Balzac and Dumas and Daudet. We know certain Englishmen and Americans who keep up a continual reading of the best French novelists, and, rather than read a book by a contemporary Englishman or Frenchman, will no sooner finish "Père Goriot," or "La Reine Margot," or "Fromont Jeune," than they will be tempted to turn back to the beginning and read these novels right over again. Why do we not appreciate French poetry more than we do? One trouble with us is that we may have had, in the first place, an overdose of the French classical poets—of Corneille and Racine. They seem somehow cold to us. At all events, we do not warm to them as we do to the English poets who were writing at the same time. Secondly, we may have had an overdose of what seems to us the rather mawkish strain of the successors of the classicists, Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, and their contemporaries. Thirdly, very likely we do not enjoy the later school, the "Parnassians," as represented by the late Le Conte de Lisle, any more than we did the equally chilling classicists of long ago. And, finally, we certainly do not propose to let ourselves down to the decadence of some of the present-day so-called symbolists. But all these impressions, prejudices, and decisions are probably little discriminating, and Mr. Eccles, in his "Century of French Poets," has been at considerable pains to tell us why. His book comprises in general a capital selection of verse illustrating the history of French poetry during the last hundred years, together with a wealth of interesting and instructive biographical and critical notes—also a summary of the rules of French versification and a commentary. Mr. Eccles selects some forty poets, each representing a particular phase in the later poetical development of France. Of course, with this as a condition, some good poets are necessarily omitted. The book should be especially commended to those who have been somewhat over-impatient with the French poets, because, forsooth, they have not quite understood them! (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.)

It must have required confidence amounting to audacity for an illustrator of our day to attempt to present the famous figures of the "Pickwick Papers" in new form, dress, and color. When one remembers Cruikshank, H. K. Browne, Sol Eytinge, and all the other clever draughtsmen who have succeeded so well, it is additional praise to say that Mr. Frank Reynolds, of the Royal Institute, has made a genuine and delightfully original series of pictures in the volume called "Mr. Pickwick: Pages from the Pickwick Papers." One reason of his success is that he has, as a rule, preserved the types of his predecessors, so that there is no shock when we open to the frontispiece and see Mr. Pickwick descending the steps of Mrs. Bardell's house with his old-time beaming smile and his never-to-be-forgotten gaiters. To preserve the types in this way and at the same time to present original conceptions was not an easy thing to do; yet in our judgment it has been done here with a success amounting almost to distinction. The pictures are presented in a handsome volume and accompanied with copious extracts from the book which deal with incidents and characters of the paintings. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.)

Every lover of Miss Mitford's "Our Village," if called upon to choose an illustrator for the book, would name Hugh Thomson, whose delicately refined drawings have so embellished Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and numerous other classics of English country and town life. It is equally true that the lover of "Our Village" could not possibly select a more fitting person to write an introduction than Anne Thackeray Ritchie, whose own literary work has much in common with Miss Mitford's, and who appreciates to a last degree, as is shown by this introduction, Miss Mitford's quality. The holiday volume in which this old friend of ours is newly presented is in every way a beautiful piece of work. Besides Mr. Thomson's drawings it has many full-page color pictures, and in the choice of page, type, and style of binding it is almost beyond criticism. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.)

New editions and new translations of a group of Hans Christian Andersen's tales are always welcome. This year appears "Stories from Hans Christian Andersen" presented in a new translation by Mrs. Edgar Lucas, one feature of which is the restoration of passages often omitted. The passages which Mrs. Lucas has restored to their places are specially addressed to older readers. The illustrations by Maxwell Armfield are in some instances extremely good and in others as noticeably inferior. In a few illustrations Mr. Armfield has strikingly caught the feeling of the story, and as strikingly interpreted it in design and color. (E. P. Dutton & Co., NewYork. $3.)

Such is the demand for information about bees and their product that 131,000 copies of the various editions of the "A B C of Bee Culture" have been printed, and the latest edition, which is entitled "The A B C and X Y Z of Bee Culture," and therefore may be supposed to present the last word upon the subject, contains many interesting facts, gathered during a trip of over seven thou-

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sand miles to study the conditions under which the vast honey industry is conducted. Even those who have no knowledge of bees or honey will be interested in an illustration in the volume showing four wagon-loads of bees in the hive being drawn by a traction engine to a new locality forty miles away from the original station. The man who says he would not go within twenty rods of a hive admires the courage of a boy of eleven standing clothed only in bathing-togs handling bees and allowing them to crawl over him. Even with the assurance that Italian bees do not sting, few persons would care to make such an experiment as is shown in the picture of this boy. One can hardly glance at this book without having his attention drawn to some illustration or topic in which he finds a surprising interest. The reader learns that the beginning of the vast industries of the Root Company was the result of a chance alighting of a swarm of bees near a spot where Mr. Root was working—a swarm which a workman captured for him for one dollar. With this first hive in 1865 began Mr. Root's first study of bees. Out of this study has grown a "bee business" which comprises a publishing house and a plant for the manufacture of bee-keepers' supplies, the extent of which is indicated by the fact that the lumber-yard alone which supplies the raw material for hives, etc., contains seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of lumber at one time. Few people realize the extent to which honey is produced in the United States. It is commonly thought to be particularly a product of Switzerland, yet this bee encyclopædia informs us that the National Biscuit Company has ordered one hundred carloads of honey at one time, and beeswax, now extensively used in the arts and sciences, is produced by hundreds of tons annually in this country. Mr. Root's encyclopædia treats not merely of the commercial side but of the entomological side of bee-keeping. We are told, for example, that the queen bee, whose duty confines her to the hive, where she is tenderly cared for, may live to be three or four years old. The workers are short-lived, actually being worn out by overwork during one busy season. Their wings at times become ragged and worn with the miles of travel which they are compelled to cover in their labor of "gathering honey all the day from every opening flower." A part of the science of bee-keeping now involves the proper feeding of the bee. Alfalfa, being one of the clovers, has blossoms which contain a large percentage of honey. Alfalfa-growing and bee-keeping are successful joint industries in the same region in the Western States, especially those where irrigation is practiced, for there the flow of honey is the best. In regions of this character colonies of two or three hundred hives can be supported, the amount of honey in a season often amounting to from fifty to a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a hive. The book is one of real value to the expert apiarist, and also to the amateur, for there are such individuals as amateurs of bee-keeping. To the reader who knows nothing of the production of honey the book will be of interest on account of the remarkable achievements which it records of one of the smallest of the servants of man. (A. J. Root Company, Medina, Ohio. $1.50.)

Professor Thomas C. Hall's "History of Ethics within Organized Christianity" is an impressive survey of a long-arrested development. It is the glory of the great Hebrew prophets to have proclaimed the ideal morality, based on humble converse with God, which Jesus strove to rescue from its blight by the morality of tradition and custom. That blight, immediately after the brief enthusiasm of the Apostolic age had spent itself, attacked the early Church. Its literature, says Dr. Hall, "leaves the reader wondering how Christianity succeeded in surviving the entire change of emphasis from the message of Jesus in the synoptic Gospels, and the Pauline and Johannine interpretations of that message, to an emphasis upon things Jesus either ignored or hated." Ere three centuries had passed the energies of the Church were transferred from Jesus' ideal of living the life of the children of God to the enforcement of loyalty to metaphysical dogmas. The militant Papacy followed, with its ethics of "an imperial, ecclesiastical, paternal, benevolent tyranny" in place of the simple, free idealism of Jesus. Then scholasticism came, seeking to exhibit a rational and unified view of the world, but turning ethics into a system of "mere legal casuistry." Nor did the Protestant Reformation reinstate Jesus' lost ideal. Martineau remarks that "with the proclamation and spread of Protestantism the *religious* value of morals disappeared"—and it still waits for the emphasis that Jesus gave it. Not till the eighteenth century, says Dr. Hall, did ethics, through the work of Hume and Kant, begin "to really come to her own" in enfranchisement from dogmatic, political, economic, and ecclesiastical interests. Dreary in one view, such a history is cheering in another, as the demonstration of an unextinguishable light overcoming deadly darkness. Starry with illustrious names, and critically reviewing their work as more marked by failure than by success, it is fruitful in instructive comments and pregnant hints as it proceeds. Its freedom from theological bias is conspicuous in its rebuke of Protestant unfairness towards the Jesuits, and in its criticism of "the aristocratic character of the whole tone of Puritan thought." It closes in bringing us to the rise of a modern Christian ethics in "a modern civilization called by courtesy Christian." That this rise is now unobstructed is improbable. Whether the morality of custom or the religious morality of Jesus is to prevail in the Church is the issue yet to be determined before Christian ethics can be realized on a large scale. One can wish that

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this issue had been clearly presented as the epilogue to this engaging volume. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.)

"Design," as a word used by artists, means the giving of tangible and definite expression to an idea. "Design in Theory and Practice" is the title of a book by Mr. Ernest A. Batchelder (The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.75). The volume has been written primarily for workers in the arts and crafts, but is also of interest to general readers. As Mr. Batchelder says, the American teacher of design must meet different conditions from the European; hence our salvation is to be sought, not in borrowing from Europe, but in boldly striving for our own elementary basis and in building on it. In giving tangible and definite expression to an idea, the author takes the reader from a simple, constructive use of lines and forms to work involving much invention and feeling together with freedom of execution. Mr. Batchelder's ideal is evidently not the studio-trained craftsman as much as the shop-trained artist. Another book of similar kind, and also a well-ordered volume, is Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann's "Landscape and Figure Composition" (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, $3). Starting, as does Mr. Batchelder's book, from geometrical forms of composition, we are taken to the "point of interest," to "line combinations," to "spotting," to the placing of figures, to different principles of representation, to background arrangement, to foreground, middle distance, and distance, to one-figure, two-figure, and three-or-more figure compositions. These technical titles might suggest a dry treatise. Not so. The author has known how to make his language graphic. He has doubled its value to the ordinary reader by profusely illustrating it with photo-engravings from celebrated paintings as well as from original photographs. Both books should be of some interest to every one, although, of course, they will make special appeal to technicians.

M. Alfred Loisy, now Professor of the History of Religions at the Collège de France, describes his work on "The Religion of Israel" as a new edition of a pamphlet issued in 1901, which was "meant to acquaint the Catholic clergy with the assured or the probable conclusions of Biblical criticism," and also "to reconcile these with the official teachings of Catholicism." Since then he has been retired from his lectureship on Assyriology at the Sorbonne by the censure of his ecclesiastical superiors. This, he tells us, has made "the anxiety of adapting Catholicism to the modern spirit henceforth indifferent" to him. Consequently, in his now revised and enlarged work he "abstains naturally" from all such argument, but gives larger space to a critical historical account of the religious evolution in Israel. For those who have read such works as Peters's "Early Hebrew Story," Budde's "Religion of Israel to the Exile," and Cheyne's "Religion of Israel after the Exile," it is superfluous, except for its concluding chapter on Messianism, which, however, only leads up to the main point of interest—the Messianic claim of Jesus. The mission of M. Loisy's book, as he himself intimates, is mainly in his own country, in which "the most undeniable results of criticism are scarcely popularized." For Americans its chief value is in evincing the progress of a radical modernism in Catholics who have broken from bondage to the papal mandate that such legends, for instance, as that of Eve and the serpent, or that of Tobit and the devil, must be accepted on divine authority as historically true. The translator, Mr. Arthur Galton, in his admiration of the French original, goes to the curious length of declaring it "most desirable that theological discussions should be carried on, whenever it is possible, in French, so that the language itself may help to assuage the proverbial heat of religious controversy." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

The latest volume in "The States of Italy" series is "Verona," by A. M. Allen. Of all the Italian city-states, Verona is quite as picturesque in appearance and in history as any. Mr. Allen takes a comprehensive survey, beginning with the development of the self-governing commune and coming down through the various despotisms to the Napoleonic Wars, when Verona shared the rapid decadence of the neighboring Venice. His characterizations of Ezzelino da Romano and other Veronese despots are ample and vivid. Following the history, which occupies much the larger portion of the volume, come chapters on Veronese painting, sculpture, and architecture. These are so good in their way that we wish that the chapters might have been enlarged, even at the expense of some slight condensation of the history proper. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

The "African and European Addresses" delivered by Theodore Roosevelt have now been published in book form by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, together with an introduction by Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott which describes the conditions under which those addresses were given during Mr. Roosevelt's journey in 1910 from Khartum through Europe to New York. In his prefatory word Mr. Roosevelt states that his original intention had been to return directly to the United States from Africa, and that the first cause of a change in this intention was the invitation from Lord Curzon, the Chancellor of Oxford University, to deliver the Romanes Lecture there. Other invitations followed, and, as a result, this book contains nine public addresses: those before the Universities in Oxford, Berlin, Paris (the Sorbonne), and the address before the Nobel Prize Committee and the less formal speeches made in Khartum, Cairo, Christiania (on the Colonial Policies of the United States), the Cambridge Union, and the Guildhall in London. ($1.50.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

FREE RAW MATERIAL

I have watched with interest your discussion of the tariff question, and I am writing to ask your views in regard to the question of "free raw material" in relation to the interests of the South. Would the adoption of "free raw material" be for the best interests of the South, and, if so, why so? What are the chief "raw materials" of the South?

WINFIELD W. MEACHUM, JR.

Austin, Texas.

[When the protective policy was framed in this country, it was done for the avowed and single purpose of promoting manufactures. For this reason, while a tariff was laid on manufactured products, it was believed that the raw materials entering into manufactures should be admitted free. This theory of protection was the current one up to comparatively recent times. The present theory of protection maintained by the Republican party is that the tariff is to protect American labor, and that the protective duties should equal the differential between foreign labor cost and American labor cost. Under this interpretation of the protective theory the farmer and farm labor should be regarded as well as the manufacturer and manufacturing labor. Of course cotton and tobacco are the chief raw materials of the South, and the interests of the laborers who produce cotton and tobacco must be considered in any just application of the new, or what may perhaps be called the differential, theory of protection. The cost of labor which produces cotton in Egypt and India has a very decided bearing, in our judgment, upon the cost of labor which produces cotton in the Southern States. If the foregoing statements as to the modern view of the protective theory are correct, it is clear that the protective tariff needs some decided readjustment. It is for this reason that we believe the whole question should be referred to a tariff commission of experts who can give the public the facts and recommend procedure for revising the tariff, schedule by schedule.—THE EDITORS.]

NATIONAL OR STATE CONTROL OF PUBLIC LANDS

There is quite insistent demand on the part of some people who are residents of or identified with the public land States of the West that the United States close out their holdings of public lands by ceding these lands to the respective States in which they lie and relegate to the latter the conservation of natural resources. It is asserted that a National conservation policy with reference to public lands, water power sites, etc., is being advocated by residents of Eastern States which have no public lands, that such a policy is not desired in the West and is inimical to Western development, that jurisdiction over all the land within State boundaries and all the water in non-navigable streams belongs by right to the respective States, and that the States can be depended upon to conserve the natural resources as well as the United States.

Colorado has been quite aggressive in arguing her right to exercise dominion over all the land and all the water of the streams that lie within her borders. The effect of such dominion is a matter of interest to neighboring Western States rather than to those of the East, as a little study of Colorado physical geography will show. Colorado's position on the Continental Divide is somewhat different from that of other intermountain States. It may be regarded as the summit of the continent, having a higher average altitude (6,800 feet) than any other State, with nearly 20,000 square miles (12,000,000 acres) at an elevation of 10,000 feet and more above sea-level. This elevated area is included within the 15,000,000 acres of National Forests in the State, and as a result of its altitude, with the aid of the forest growth, it is one of the Nation's most important reservoirs and watersheds. To this area the winds of heaven bring the moisture that has been gathered from far-distant plains and sea, and from there it is spread in all directions to a dozen States through channels that give no heed to State boundaries. Look at a topographical map of the western portion of the United States and see how Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California—States which require water for irrigation—are all vitally interested in this National reservoir and watershed which lies within the boundaries of Colorado. Do these States think it would be to their interest for the United States Government to cede to Colorado all the public domain within the State, and thus give over to the people of one State the control of this watershed and the streams to which it gives rise? There are millions of acres of arable land in Colorado, more than there would be irrigation water for if not a drop of water in the North Platte, South Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, Las Animas, San Juan, Mancos, Dolores, Grand, White, and Yampah, all of which streams head in Colorado, were allowed to cross the State line.

Colorado people are quite like other people in looking at matters from a self-interest point of view. They are also justly given credit for being enterprising. If the Government should say to them, "You take the public domain that lies within the boundaries of your State and administer it," do the people of Kansas, New Mexico, and the other States into which "our" streams flow think we would sleep long on our rights and let the people of those States have much of the water that comes from "our" watershed?

The State platform of one of the political

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parties of Colorado, recently adopted, says: "We also favor such an appropriation by the Legislature of the State as may be necessary to uphold the right of the people of this State to the water, not only of the Rio Grande and the Arkansas, but of every natural stream within the State, as guaranteed by Section I, Article 6, of the Constitution of Colorado."

Nevertheless, citizens of Wyoming, Kansas, and New Mexico are preparing to fight in the courts for what they conceive to be their inherent right to a share of the water of natural streams flowing within their borders, but which have their sources in Colorado.

It would seem that, in the interest of even-handed justice and peace between the States, the United States Government, as a disinterested party, or rather as having equal interest in the welfare of all concerned, should retain all the public domain not susceptible of individual settlement for home-making purposes, and administer it in the interests of all the people.

Denver, Colorado. LEVI CHUBBUCK.

THE PARCELS POST

Your recent editorial calling for a parcels post and citing the four great express companies as the great obstacles to its establishment fails to mention what appears to me to be the greatest obstacle of all—the united and organized opposition of the great mass of the retail merchants of the country. This opposition removed, it is safe to assert that Congress would act favorably on the proposition without delay.

The retail merchants base their opposition on the assumption that a parcels post would give the so-called retail mail-order concerns greatly augmented power in competition with local merchants in all the smaller cities and towns in every State. This system of merchandising has been of phenomenal development during the past twenty years, and particularly during the past ten years. Two of these concerns in Chicago alone do a business of not less than three hundred millions a year. The number and importance of these establishments in this and all other trade centers are increasing at a prodigious rate. Many do their own manufacturing, and, combining the facilities of manufacturers, jobbers, and retailers, they effect a short-cut to consumers with a degree of economy in production and distribution enabling them to sell, through their millions of catalogues, at quotations as destructive to the trade of local merchants as they are demoralizing to local retail prices.

These direct-to-consumer mail-order houses now total sales aggregating a very large percentage of all sales at retail in the country. They have already appropriated the trade of tens of thousands of local merchants, and are a source of increasing loss and danger to those that remain. Add to their present advantages the services of the Government in providing them with greatly reduced transportation rates for most commodities and with special rural delivery wagons to the very doors of our great rural population, and the effect of the intensified competition against local merchants becomes to them alarmingly evident.

The question concerns not alone the survival or the prosperity of local retail merchants; it concerns, through them, also the prosperity and the individual welfare of our rural population and our smaller cities and towns whose merchants are the main support of public improvements, of libraries and churches, of the professions, and of civic progress in general.

A parcels post means infinitely more, therefore, than cheaper transportation or resistance to the extortions of the express companies; its evident vital relationship to commercial and political conditions in every State is what caused Postmaster-General Meyer to advocate a system limited to the rural delivery routes, but even this half-way measure has its dynamite for Congressmen with strong urban constituencies.

I am not saying aught against a parcels post; I regard it as both desirable and inevitable; but I feel that, in justice to the many members of the House and Senate who have been indifferent to the siren song of the express companies but alert to the loud and determined protests of their mercantile constituents in the towns and smaller cities, the great, and thus far the insurmountable, obstacle to the proposed parcels post should have proper recognition.

GEORGE P. ENGELHARD.

Chicago, Illinois.

FRANKING CAMPAIGN LITERATURE

During the campaign lately ended the country was flooded with political campaign literature, consisting of speeches purporting to have been delivered in Congress for the greater part, but some of which were speeches delivered elsewhere. Many of the speeches sent into Colorado were delivered by members of Congress from the East. Yet all that I have seen bear the stamp of the Government Printing Office and were sent under Congressional frank. The plain intention is to escape the cost of printing and distributing political campaign material by having both done at the expense of the Government.

Such a course seems to me to be reprehensible in the highest degree and to merit the stinging rebuke of an outraged public opinion. I wish, for one, to register a most emphatic protest against it.

Greeley, Colorado. U. G. GORDON.

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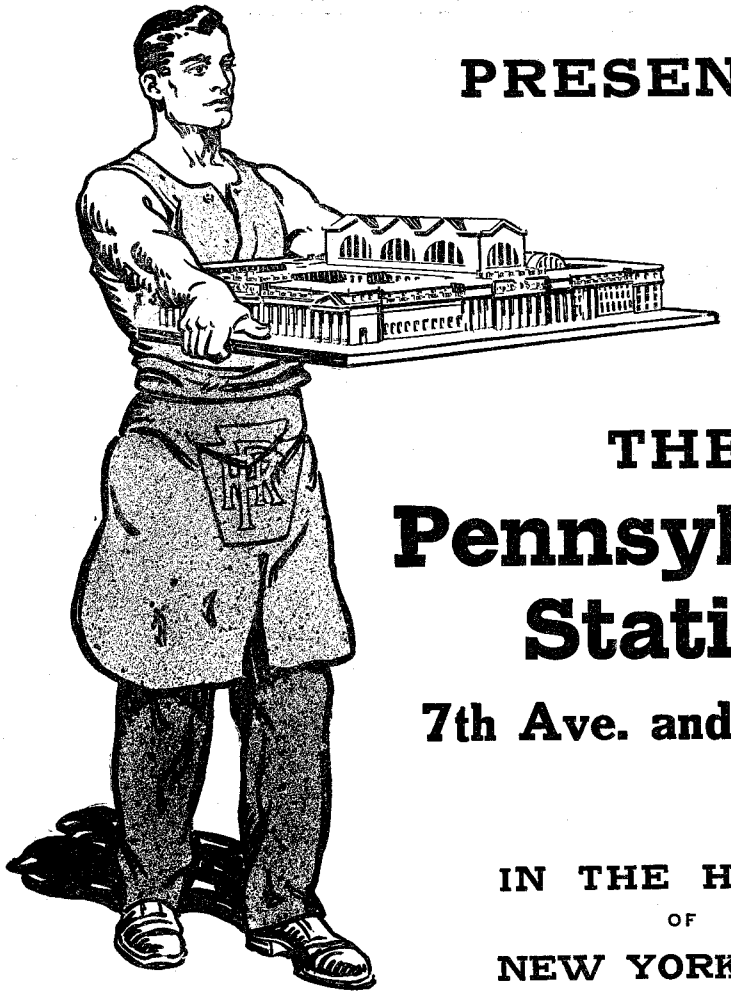
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



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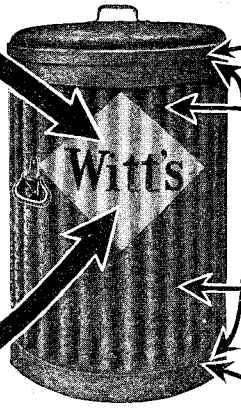

One piece lid fits over outside edge

One-piece body — no wooden strips

Heavy steel bands, riveted; no soldered places to split open

Two inch corrugations all around can

One-piece bottom—rim only resting on floor

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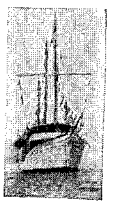
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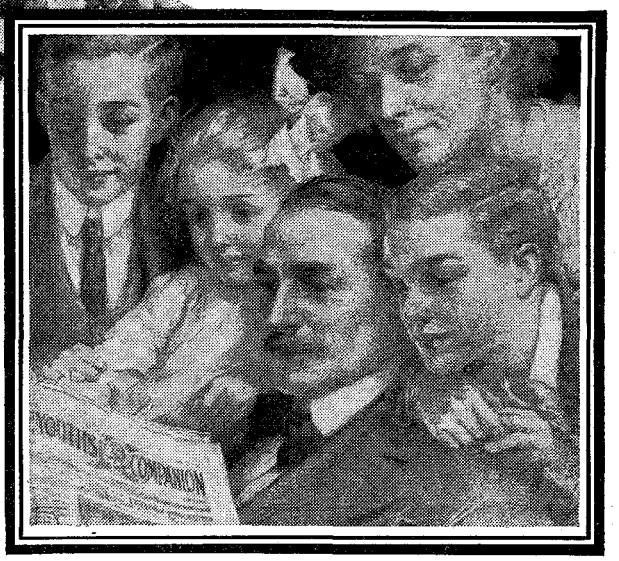

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